

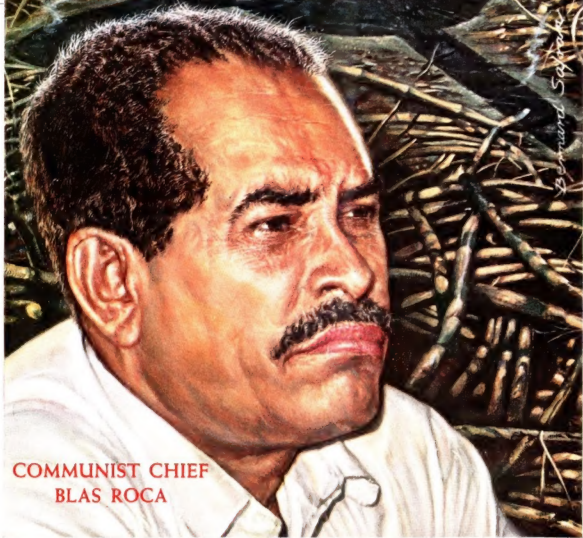
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 27, 1962

**CUBA:** Chaos in the Economy  
Conflict Among the Reds

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



COMMUNIST CHIEF  
BLAS ROCA

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VOL. LXXIX NO. 17



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*Walter Hagen*

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# LETTERS

## Man of Steel

Sir: Regarding the steel crisis [April 20], it has taken a crafty captain of industry to prove beyond all doubt what we Democrats have known for some time: what this country has in the White House is a man of steel.

JEFFERSON FRAZIER

Harvard College  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

If Big Steel can absorb the increased costs and make a fair profit, we can be gratified. But, looking beyond the industry's bungling, if there is not public revulsion at the Administration's tirades and intimidation (confused with leadership), we no longer are basically concerned with free enterprise, and the planners indeed have their victory.

BERNAL E. DOBELL

Orinda, Calif.

Sir:

Before Kennedy completely ruins our system of free enterprise, someone should tell him that the dough that sent him to Harvard didn't come from the bakery shop.

DIANA C. GLEASNER

Kenmore, N.Y.

Sir:

Imagine the nerve of U.S. Steel—actually wanting to make a fair profit. What will these capitalists think of next!

JAMES DUIGNAN

Astoria, N.Y.

Sir:

Who does he think he is telling U.S. Steel, or any other business for that matter, when they should and should not raise prices? I am a workman, but am very much in favor of free businesses of all sizes.

JOHN F. MACIVER JR.

Oakland, Calif.

Sir:

President Kennedy would have been much more in character had he emphasized his points, at his press conference on steel, with his shoe rather than his fist.

BENJAMIN PROCTOR

Canisteo, N.Y.

Sir:

So, "in staging its curious pre-dawn raids . . . on orders from President John F. Kennedy himself," the FBI first telephoned its victims.

Ah, those exquisite Harvard manners; under Hitler, I understand, the maximum courtesy was a knock on the door.

CLEMENT F. TRAINER

San Francisco

Sir:

The temper tantrums by Jack and Bobby only underline the fact that they are truly spoiled little rich boys who have yet to learn the economic facts of life.

Too bad Papa Joe hasn't the dough to buy up control of the steel industry and fire those greedy, power-hungry executives who displeased his boys.

EDWARD CAMPBELL

Melrose, Mass.

Sir:

In George Orwell's 1984, Big Brother watches you. In 1962, Little Brother investigates you.

WILLIAM A. BONEY

Pittsburgh

## The Ascetic

Sir:

I feel we all owe a debt of gratitude to the saintly Sister Nazarena [April 13], who is dedicating her life in prayer for all of us.

Who can say that without all the good to humanity she is doing by her devotion, our world would not indeed be having more serious troubles than it already has?

DANIEL TOTIRE

North Olmsted, Ohio

Sir:

True, Sister Nazarena is a religious and devout person, but when it comes to sainthood, I'll nominate the nuns who teach elementary school any time.

MARGARET A. GIBSON

Wilmington, Del.



Sir:

Sister Nazarena with her asceticism is doing a great service for the whole human race. She puts me in mind of Simeon Stylites the Elder (A.D. 388-459), who sat on top of a 50-ft. pillar for 36 years. The church made a saint out of him.

This proves that some people can be up the pole and still have both feet on the ground.

RICHARD I. BRIGGS

East Cleveland, Ohio

► Simeon of Syria (see cut) was the first and most famous of the stylites, or pillar saints, a form of asceticism practiced in the Middle East for six centuries. He started out on a pillar 9 ft. tall and progressively worked his way up to the 50-ft. column where he lived, on a tiny open platform, for the rest of his life.—Ed.

Sir:

I wonder what Sigmund Freud would say about the tiny whip.

MRS. MARIANNE MAURO

Pittsburgh

Sir:

Every time I read about a religious recluse, I wonder what our world would have been like today had Christ chosen to cloister himself rather than give his great love and knowledge to the world.

MRS. BOB F. CRAFT

Salt Lake City

Sir:

Indeed Sister Nazarena may be "the most serene person" one could meet. However, is this not easy when one isolates himself from all social responsibility? Sister Nazarena's solution is rather too simple in any age—particularly in a nuclear one!

KARL PAUL DONFRIED

Harvard Divinity School  
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Give her six children, a husband and \$150 per month to make ends meet, and I doubt she'd be so serene.

MRS. L. M. BAGLEY

Oceanside, Calif.

## Books & Books

Sir:

An article in the April 20 issue implies that the Great Books Foundation was started by Encyclopedia Britannica and that there is some connection between the two organizations through Britannica's publication *The Great Books of the Western World*. The Great Books Foundation was organized as an independent, nonprofit educational corporation in 1947, many years before Britannica's Great Books set was even published. We have no affiliation with Britannica except historically through association with Messrs. Hutchins and Adler, who did the pioneer work in starting Great Books seminars for adults when they were at the University of Chicago.

RICHARD P. DENNIS

President

The Great Books Foundation  
Chicago

Sir:

While everyone interested in liberal education would wish the great ideas to be the main "topics" of conversation across the land, grammarians would be happier if TIME had not misspelled the word last week. The key to the great ideas is the Synoptic, not the Syntopicon.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

San Francisco

► TIME goofed.—Ed.

## Wives at Issue?

Sir:

Re your article on "The Families They Left Behind" [April 13]—hogwash.

I spent 20 years as a career soldier, and nothing was more disgusting to me than the control the military wife managed to gain over the military by her demands for herself and her family. She has done more to damage our foreign relations than a hundred "Little Rocks."

If the President has any sense, he'll keep

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these vessels of virtue out of our overseas bases. Let the men serve their country, not the country serve its soldiers' wives.

ADAM BARKER

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir:

My husband has been sent to France with the Air National Guard. He works an eight-hour day, takes weekend trips, is part owner of a car, has all his meals served to him, laundry done, etc. I am home with three little ones, trying to keep my sanity, my patriotic feelings and our house.

The men with my husband are not complaining (why should they?), but I am.

MRS. E. JANIK

Levittown, Pa.

Sir:

While Jackie imports from Paris, And movie stars go to Rome, The serviceman's wife saves the U.S. gold By raising her family at home—alone.

KAREN KRUSE

Lutheran Hospital School of Nursing  
Baltimore

Sir:

There is a saying, "If the Marine Corps wanted you to have a wife, they would have issued you one."

Marine wives have never tagged along on overseas duty; that is partly the reason that the Marine Corps has a reputation for getting the job done.

We sit home and pray, not whine.

ROSALIE WARNER

Newport Beach, Calif.

## What the Poet Can Read

Sir:

Your article on Evgeny Evtushenko and Russia [April 13] brings to mind Fyodor Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground*, which was published in 1864.

Dostoevsky's hero comes to believe that human behavior is motivated by the craving for absolute freedom and self-assertion in defiance of all dictates of reason.

NEIL J. NELSON

San Francisco

Sir:

May I say that you have outdone yourselves in the great article on Russia's new generation.

It remains only to notice that this same trend of "profound skepticism" is also on the move in this country, and to realize that the two nations are closer than ever.

JOSEPH M. LEONARD

Lima, Ohio

Sir:

Congratulations on your excellent cover story on Russian Poet Evtushenko.

The Russian passion and struggle to realize what truth is go back to Russia's conversion to Christianity in the 10th century. Thinking Russians, like Evtushenko and his contemporaries, consciously and even unconsciously are groping their way to this true Russian heritage, which, in spite of Communism, is brought to their attention dramatically in Russian Orthodox churches every Easter.

(THE REV.) C. SAMUEL CALIAN

University of Basel  
Basel, Switzerland

Sir:

The man at the helm still is dedicated to "burying us." Please, TIME, I beg of you, don't hand him a shovel.

FRANK H. JESSE JR.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

Sir:

What an encouraging story.

Will Evtushenko be able to see your article on him?

And what kind of circulation has TIME behind the Iron Curtain?

RON WREN

San Francisco

► In addition to the hundreds of copies sent each week in diplomatic pouches, TIME has 87 subscribers (but no newsstand sale) in the U.S.S.R. Surely one of the lucky 87 will show a copy to Evtushenko.—Ed.

## Family Tree

Sir:

Your art story, "The Prussian Francophile" [April 20], calls Louis XV the son of Louis XIV. Louis XV was the Sun King's great-grandson, not his son.

Whatever happened to those nice Vassar and Smith girls who used to check your facts?

WILLIAM C. ESTY

New York City

► They're still here.—Ed.

## And Science?

Sir:

You put your article on Matador Juan Belmonte's death in the Sport section [April 20]. Bullfighting is not a sport, but an art.

JOSÉ MONTESTUZ

Santander, Spain

Sir:

Every aficionado knows that stories about bullfighting, especially in connection with Belmonte, should appear in the section given to religion.

LOUIS E. BUMGARTNER

Birmingham-Southern College  
Birmingham, Ala.

## Planned Plan

Sir:

I must object to the statement in your April 13 article that the Bow medical care bill was "casually conceived . . . and tossed into the hopper without any expectation that much would come out of it."

I spent four months developing my idea on this subject, and the bill was carefully prepared and introduced with the hope that it would become law.

FRANK T. BOW

U.S. House of Representatives  
Washington, D.C.

## Transplanting

Sir:

Probably the simplest solution to the farm problem in the U.S. and Russia [April 6] is to trade farmers!

MRS. DONALD GLYN

Harrisburg, Ill.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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# WHAT A BUSINESSMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT HIS VEHICLE INSURANCE WHEN:



## The company acquires additional vehicles

Much depends upon how your vehicle liability insurance is set up. If your cars and trucks are insured under a basic automobile liability policy, any additions are covered automatically for a period of thirty days only. This means that when your company acquires a new vehicle it must be reported to the insurance company within thirty days so that your coverage may be extended to it.

If you own five or more cars, and they are covered under a fleet insurance plan, new cars are automatically included when acquired. If your vehicles are insured under a Comprehensive Automobile Liability policy, you don't need to be concerned about the thirty day limit. Any new vehicles you may acquire are covered automatically against liability claims for the policy period.

## Employees use their own cars on business

If an employee, driving his own car, should be involved in an accident while on company business, you can be held legally liable. Any insurance he has on his car goes toward covering your liability,

but what if he has none, or if it is inadequate? To cover you against that kind of risk, your company should carry employer's non-ownership liability insurance. It can be bought as an addition to your other automobile liability policies, or, if you have Comprehensive Automobile Liability Insurance, this protection is automatically included. That's another advantage of having the comprehensive type coverage.

## Vehicles are rented

Should a car or truck rented by you cause injury or damage to someone else in an accident, the injured party will usually make claims against both the owner of the vehicle and your company. You can be protected against this kind of liability risk in two ways. You can take out insurance specifically for your hired vehicles, or it can be bought as an addition to your other automobile liability insurance. If you have Comprehensive Automobile Liability Insurance it is included.

## Business vehicles are used out-of-state

If your business vehicles cross state lines, it is essential that your liability insurance be written for limits that satisfy the highest requirements of the Compulsory Automobile Insurance or Security Responsibility Laws of all states in which your cars operate. Failure to meet these requirements can result in suspension of vehicle licenses, and necessitate filing of proof of future financial responsibility, involving higher insurance costs. It is important to recognize that liability limits required by law are merely minimums—to as-



sure adequate protection of your own interests higher levels are usually necessary.

## There is an accident

Everyone who drives your business vehicles should be trained to report accidents to your organization's insurance agent or broker right away. All automobile policies require prompt notification to the insurance carrier. The sooner



your company is informed, the sooner it can render expert help.

Accidents often happen hundreds of miles from the "home" of a business. Only by making sure that your insurance is with a company licensed to operate in every state and having service offices coast to coast, can you be certain that there will always be prompt assistance nearby. The Hartford Insurance Group, for example, has 260 claim offices all across the land, plus 34,000 Hartford Agents, ready to serve policyholders.

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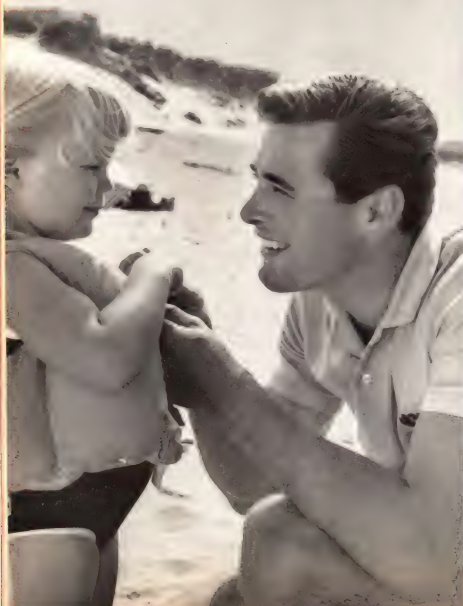
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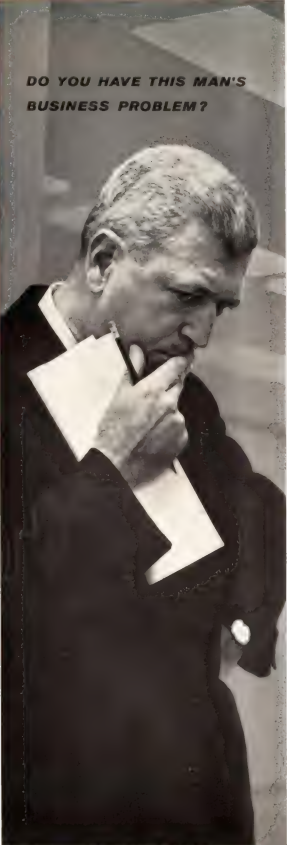
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## THE NATION

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### Reflections

There was a pleasant surprise in store for President Kennedy. Landing at West Palm Beach for an Easter vacation, he spied his father awaiting him in a car. It was the first time that Joseph P. Kennedy had been seen so publicly since suffering a stroke last December. Slowly, Old Joe raised his left arm in greeting. The President reached into the car, affectionately clasped his father's hand. Then he slipped behind the steering wheel and drove off for ten days of Florida relaxation—and reflection.

There was a lot for Kennedy to reflect about. For the second time since assuming office, he had passed through a crisis of decision. Both crises, not surprisingly, involved the use of presidential power. In the first—the Bay of Pigs fiasco in Cuba—Kennedy had failed to use the power that was his to command. In the second—Big Steel—he had reacted instantly, instinctively, and converted potential power into dramatic, almost crushing force.

Kennedy and his advisers have long been preoccupied—in their thinking, their reading, their writing and talking—about the use of power. And there could be no doubt that Kennedy's power show against Big Steel was a popular triumph. Yankee Poet Robert Frost, 88, reflected the mood in praising his favorite Yankee politician. "Oh," cried Frost, "didn't he do a good one! Didn't he show the Irish all right?"

Had Kennedy overcompensated for his Cuba power failure in his actions against Big Steel? Poets aside, there were many who thought so. Would he use his massive powers soon again? In the same way? With what limitations? Against any other domestic antagonist that tried to thwart his will? The prospect was somewhat frightening—and despite the popularity of Kennedy's victory, that prospect accounted for a great wave of disputation (see following story).

One thing was certain: Kennedy was a different President than he had been before. Some commentators thought that the steel action might not influence the November elections, but Kennedy had burned its lessons—about the economy and about himself—into the U.S. consciousness. Any future views about the President would inevitably be conditioned by that action.



BLOUGH REVISITING WHITE HOUSE  
Beaten, battered, bewildered.

#### Reverberations

"This," said the voice on the telephone "is Roger Blough, the man you've been reading about." Thus, with a humor rare in him, U.S. Steel's board chairman last week arranged for another appointment with President Kennedy—and he found the President a gracious victor.

Both in private conference and in public declaration, Kennedy was anxious to assure U.S. industry that he intended to bear no grudge as a result of his winning war against a steel price increase. "I want business to do well," he told a White House visitor. "If they don't, we don't." Said he at his press conference: "This Administration harbors no ill will against any individual, any industry, corporation or segment of the American economy. There can be no room on either side in this country at this time for any feelings of hostility or vindictiveness... When a mistake has been retracted and the public interest preserved, nothing is to be gained from further public recriminations."

**The Price of Logic?** Roger Blough, beaten, battered, and more than a bit bewildered, was happy to declare public peace. After his White House visit he returned to the privacy of his Manhattan office, overlooking New York Harbor. There, surrounded by charts and statements that explained U.S. Steel's economic position, he pondered how he had gone wrong.

Everyone agreed that industry must modernize to meet competition. Government statistics show that in the whole U.S. economy, corporate profits after taxes have grown only from \$22.8 billion to \$23.3 billion in the past eleven years. During that period, employee compensation jumped from \$154.2 billion to \$302.9 billion, corporate taxes from \$17.9 billion to \$22.8 billion, and the gross national product from \$366.3 billion to \$521.3 billion. And last year, Blough said, U.S. Steel's profits fell from 8.2% of sales to 5.7%.

To Blough, such figures made an unassailably logical case for the steel price increase he had tried to put through. But Blough was not completely logical—many a businessman disagreed with him—and he was far from unassailable, as he found out when the President launched his slashing, emotional political attack against the steel industry.

**"Never-Ending Chain."** Last week the meaning and long-term effects of that onslaught were still being debated by businessmen, economists and politicians across the land. Some of those who insisted that the President went much too far sounded even more denunciatory than Kennedy had been against Big Steel. "I just figured that this is the way Hitler took over," said George McDougal, vice president of the Daniel Construction Co. in Greenville, S.C. Said University of Chicago Economist Milton Friedman: "It brings home dramatically how much power for a police state resides in Washington." Declared his Chicago colleague, Yale Brozen: "Kennedy's action was the greatest display of dictatorial white-fatherhood one could imagine. Who is this or any Administration to say what prices should be?" Said Dr. Raymond Saulnier, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Eisenhower: "I think his action will go down in the books as the outstanding example of Government interference in a business decision in our history."

Saulnier was one of many economists

and businessmen who argued that, even without presidential interference, the price rise would have been forced back by the economics of the market. "Suppose the Government had done nothing," suggested Gordon Spangler, business analyst of Boston's First National Bank. "There is a good chance that Inland would have made the same decision not to go along, and that would have forced U.S. Steel to drop their increase."

Many others were deeply worried about where Government can draw the line in intervening to hold down prices. "I think the Government exceeds its authority when it becomes vindictive as a result of its views not being accepted," said Los Angeles Department Store Executive Edward W. Carter. "This gets into a never-ending chain, because when you start regulating prices, you have to regulate wages, and to do that, you have to

regulate where people work. It is hard to see where you stop. It could lead to nationalization of the steel industry."

**"Down the Line."** The main argument of those who defended Kennedy's action was that price stability is more important to the national interest than—as they considered it—a temporary tampering with corporate freedom. "We've got a situation today which didn't exist 25 years ago—a major economic phenomenon in that a \$6

## A DIALOGUE ON STEEL

**CONFUSA:** The more I listen to the steel debate, the less I seem to understand. At his press conference last week, President Kennedy spoke of holding wage increases "within the confines of productivity gains." What does he mean by productivity?

**HONESTUS:** In this context, productivity means output per man-hour. If a given number of steelworkers produce 5% more steel this year than they did last year, with no change in the time spent on the job, it is said that their productivity has increased by 5%. Changes in productivity provide a way of gauging the efficiency of an economic unit—a company, an industry, or the entire national economy. For the U.S. economy as a whole over the past half-century, the productivity gain has averaged about 2.5% a year.

**CONFUSA:** What makes productivity go up?

**HONESTUS:** The most important factor is new machinery and equipment. Other factors enter in, including higher levels of education and skill among workers, more efficient means of transportation and communication, research that pays off in new products or new techniques.

**CONFUSA:** What has productivity got to do with wages?

**HONESTUS:** In recent years, productivity has come to be widely accepted as a yardstick for measuring the reasonableness of union demands for higher wages and fringe benefits. Wage increases that are in line with increases in productivity do not exert either downward pressure on profits or upward pressure on prices.

**CONFUSA:** You lost me there.

**HONESTUS:** Well, let's take an imaginary steel company producing \$100 million worth of steel a year. Say its labor costs—wages and fringe benefits together—add up to \$40 million a year. Now, say productivity goes up 2.5% and the workers get a 2.5% increase—whether in wages or fringe benefits doesn't matter. The total output goes up to \$102.5 million, or \$2.5 million more than before. Labor costs increase by 2.5% of \$40 million, or \$1 million. That leaves an extra \$1.5 million to be distributed between nonlabor costs and profits. No profits would increase along with wages.

**CONFUSA:** And the company would not have to raise its prices?

**HONESTUS:** No. The labor costs per ton of steel would remain the same as before. The wage increase would be what is called "noninflationary."

**CONFUSA:** Why doesn't everybody accept productivity as a guide for wage increases and stop all the arguing?

**HONESTUS:** That, in effect, is what the President and his Council of Economic Advisers are advocating. But in practice, the yardstick is not so easy to apply. You can't just take that average figure for national productivity growth over the past half-century and apply it to every situation—changes in productivity vary greatly from year to year, from industry to industry, from company to company within an industry. Furthermore, there is no intrinsic reason why labor should get a yearly wage increase equal to the productivity gain. If wage increases amounted to less than gains in productivity, that would reduce labor costs per unit of output, making possible lower prices or higher profit margins, or both. At present, with U.S. industries facing strong competition from foreign producers, and with the nation running a chronic deficit in its international balance of payments, lower

prices might be in the public interest. Higher profit margins would enable companies to step up their equipment modernization for the competitive years ahead.

**CONFUSA:** How about the latest steel contract, signed a few weeks ago? Was that in line with productivity?

**HONESTUS:** It added 10¢ an hour, or 2.5%—in line with the standard figure for yearly productivity gain. The settlement that Vice President Nixon helped to arrange in early 1960 after the long steel strike added about 40¢ an hour, but even that boost has been pretty well balanced by productivity gains.

**CONFUSA:** Then how could the steel companies justify price increases?

**HONESTUS:** The industry's essential argument was that in the past few years steel profits have shrunk to the point where steel companies (after paying corporation taxes to the Federal Government and dividends to stockholders) did not have enough "retained earnings" left over to meet their needs for investment in modernization of plants and equipment. Total steel-industry profits, which ran to about \$1.1 billion a year in the mid-1950s, declined to about \$800 million a year over the past four years.

**CONFUSA:** Why have steel profits been going down if labor costs per ton of steel remained fairly stable?

**HONESTUS:** The most important factor seems to be that over the past four years steel has been operating at about 65% of capacity, as against 90% in 1955-56. Unused capacity cuts profit margins because it adds to overhead costs and maintenance costs per ton of steel produced.

**CONFUSA:** Didn't the President say last week that corporation profits are running at record high levels?

**HONESTUS:** Yes, he did, but he was not talking specifically about steel profits at that point. And it was misleading to say "the highest profits in the history of this country." Quantity of profits has to be measured against quantity of invested capital. By that standard, profits have a long way to go. Last year total profits in manufacturing industries came to 8.7% of invested capital, as against an average of better than 12% a year during the period 1947-57. The steel industry's return on invested capital last year was 6.1%. And since the dollars invested in steel mills and equipment in past years were worth more than present-day dollars in terms of purchasing power, steel's real return on investment, adjusted for past inflation, was a lot less than 6.1%.

**CONFUSA:** Can steel's profits increase this year without higher prices?

**HONESTUS:** Steel profits will doubtless benefit from the general recovery of business. And some breaks from the U.S. Government are on the way. Pending in Congress is a bill to allow industry a 7% special tax credit on expenditures for new equipment, and that, if it passes, will help a little (see BUSINESS). In addition, the Treasury Department is preparing new depreciation schedules that will permit steel and other industries to write off the costs of equipment over a shorter span of years. That could help steel cover the costs of modernizing. But all these improvements together are probably not enough to meet the steel industry's overall needs for massive modernization.

**CONFUSA:** Well, Honestus, if you ask me, it sounds as if the steel industry needs some new ideas.

price rise in steel can affect our whole foreign policy," said Georgia Tech Industrial Expert Ken Wagner. "Whether or not we like it, Government has to take action. I might disagree with his decision, but not his decision to act." Said Northeastern University President Asa Knowles: "The action was entirely in the national interest. If he hadn't taken it, the increased steel price would have resulted in high costs to the taxpayers all the way down the line." University of California President Clark Kerr defended the President's action against the steel industry, maintained that it does not establish a pattern of coercion by Government. "This was a specific solution to a specific problem," he said. It will, he added, cause steel executives "to think deeply about the concept of administering prices as they do. Steel is not really a competitive market. It's one big company."

On one subject, both Kennedy's critics and defenders could agree. The President had taken drastic political, economic and legal action against industry, in the name of the public interest in holding the price line. But labor costs also enter into the national wage-price equation. And the question that many were asking was this: If a major union were to defy Kennedy in his efforts to achieve national economic stability, would he move against that union with all the will and determination that he showed against Big Steel?

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### The Use of Power

In the early days of the New Frontier, it was the Administration's censorship of a tough anti-Communist speech by Chief of Naval Operations Arleigh A. Burke that set off the whole dispute about the "muzzled military." Last week, now retired and thoroughly unmuzzled, Admiral Burke appeared before the Daughters of the American Revolution and delivered a speech that would have had the Pentagon's censors desperately clawing for their blue pencils. Burke's theme: "America and the West in general have a guilt complex about power."

The complex, said Burke, derives from the "fundamental unreality" of seeking peace without being willing to use power: "It frustrates our every use of power. In Cuba, in Suez, in Korea, currently in Laos, we half use it in a compromise between dream and reality . . . The first signs of a refurbished wisdom will be found in a frank, conscious and determined use of our power—in all its forms—to determine the course of international events in the modern world."

The U.S., Burke continued, is wallowing about in high policy seas. "In a schizoid manner we have balanced a Department of Defense with a Committee on Disarmament, ballistic missiles with the position that war is unthinkable. Basically, we oscillate between an unpalatable reality and an act of faith. Consequently, we have become dangerous to the world. No one really knows what we will do because we ourselves do not know."



SENATOR PROXMIRE  
Out of the bag.

## THE CONGRESS

### The Pixy & the Gladiators

"We're being pictured as the basters in this fight," said a Washington lobbyist for the American Farm Bureau Federation last week. "And we're happy to be tough enough to deserve the title." A few blocks away on Independence Avenue, a determined Farm Bureau foe was also warming to the fight. Night and day, Agriculture Secretary Orville L. Freeman 43, was trying to find ways to shove his controversial farm bill through a balky Congress. "Nobody has mentioned compromise yet," said a Freeman aide. "The Secretary wants this bill and he's going all out to get it."

The battle between Freeman and the 1,600,000-member Farm Bureau has turned into one of the Kennedy Administration's bitterest frays. Both Freeman and the bureau have the same aim: to cut down the expense of the scandalous U.S. farm program, which last year cost \$1 billion alone to maintain the mountain of surplus foods. Freeman would solve the problem by setting up the most elaborate system of acreage and production controls in U.S. history—and cut farmers off from almost all forms of Government aid if they did not accept those controls. The Farm Bureau favors fewer aids and fewer controls—and it views Freeman's all-or-nothing alternative as naked coercion.

No sooner did Freeman's program arrive on Capitol Hill in January than the Agriculture Secretary and the Farm Bureau began their duel to win over legislators. But the great gladiators overlooked Wisconsin's Democratic Senator William Proxmire, a political piety who is fond of making dramatic displays of his independence. A member of the Senate Agriculture Committee, Proxmire introduced a measure that would, in effect, scrap the Freeman proposals and continue the present farm program for another year. The Agriculture Committee adopted Proxmire's substitute by a 9-8 vote.

Despite this setback, the Administration had high hopes of restoring Freeman's program on the Senate floor. If approved by the Senate, the bill would go to the House, where the issue was close, the pressure was on—and the gladiators could get back to gladiating without worrying about Pixy Proxmire. About the only certain result of Proxmire's action was that he had made himself unpopular at the White House. Said a top Kennedy aide: "This guy cut us without warning. He's an s.o.b. to pull a trick like that."

## ARMED FORCES

### Easter Greetings

"In the spirit of Easter Week," as he put it at his press conference last week, President Kennedy delivered holiday goodies to two of the most publicized PFCs in Army uniform. Announced the Commander in Chief: "I have asked the Army to cancel the trial of PFC Larry D. Chidester of Fort Lewis, Wash., and I've directed the Army to remit the balance of the sentence of PFC Bernis G. Owen at Fort Polk, La."

Of all the Army reservists who belly-ached about being recalled to active duty last year, PFCs Owen and Chidester had two of the tenderest tummies. A pre-law student at the University of Texas, Owen, 23, organized and addressed meetings of unhappy reservists at Fort Polk that drew as many as 700 men. When the meetings were banned by his commanding general, Owen told a newsmen that the order was "a hilarious climax to a chain of injustices." For such disrespect to a superior officer, Owen got a court-martial sentence of a \$300 fine and six months at hard labor.

An apprentice house painter from Salt



RESERVIST CHIDESTER  
Back of the pen.

Lake City, Chidester, 24, chose a different tactic. In a rambling letter to Utah's Republican Senator Wallace F. Bennett, Chidester attacked President Kennedy. "Does President Kennedy think the jobs left open by our call-up will re-elect him on the basis of low unemployment? He must think we all are of low intelligence not to see through his political maneuvers. We vote for those who serve the majority well."

Nothing in the letter violated Army regulations, but Chidester made the mistake of getting 74 of his buddies to sign it—and found himself facing court-martial and other charges of action prejudicial to good order and discipline.

When he heard the news of his release last week, PFC Owen's nose sunburned from 23 days of hard labor under guard said conitely: "I want to go back to my unit and be a good soldier." The first thing Letter Writer Chidester did was to sit down and dash off a thank-you note to President Kennedy.

## POLITICS

### Fixing Up Philadelphia

The Republicans lost the 1960 presidential election by the narrowest of margins. But they fared disastrously in the nation's biggest cities. And they suffered catastrophe in Philadelphia, once a G.O.P. stronghold, which gave John Kennedy 662,000 votes against Richard Nixon's 261,000 enabling Kennedy to carry Pennsylvania despite Nixon's plurality of 216,000 outside Philadelphia.

Since the election, the Republican National Committee has officially pinpointed Philadelphia as one of the sorriest examples of the G.O.P.'s big-city performance. So has former Temple University Chancellor Robert L. Johnson, the G.O.P. National Committeeman for Pennsylvania. Said Johnson recently, citing Philadelphia as his prime example: "At best, big-city Republican leaders are lazy and inept, presiding over fragmented organ-

izations, conducting lackluster campaigns. At worst—and all too often—they have decided to play ball with the Democrats, hang onto the crumbs from the patronage table, and even take their cut of corruption and bribery." Johnson has set out to do something about Philadelphia—but it is a tough, frustrating job.

**Studying the Rout.** Under a long stretch of rule by G.O.P. machine politicians from 1884 on, Philadelphia became nationally notorious as an example of municipal inertia and political corruption. Then, in 1951 the voters tossed the G.O.P. rascals out, elected as mayor Democrat Joseph S. Clark (now a U.S. Senator), who was succeeded by Democrat Richardson Dilworth, now a candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. Out of power, the regular Republican organization sank into decrepitude—and its showing in the 1960 presidential election was dramatic evidence of its abysmal state.

Studying that rout, Reformer Johnson concluded that the old G.O.P. organization had not even put up a fight. He found that in about 500 of the city's "divisions" (precincts), the G.O.P. had no workers at all. When Johnson sent out letters to the 2,400 committeemen listed on the organization rolls, 400 letters came back marked "Not known at this address."

Johnson decided that what the G.O.P. needed in Philadelphia was a brand-new organization. With the backing of U.S. Senator Hugh Scott, Johnson founded what he called the Republican Alliance. To the Alliance flocked hundreds of young Philadelphia Republicans who had been staying on the political sidelines because they wanted no dealings with the old G.O.P. machine. The Alliance now operates out of well-equipped downtown offices on a budget of \$25,000 a month. It has recruited 1,500 volunteer workers—mostly youngish, and supplied them with an Alliance manual on how to round up votes for the G.O.P. Johnson hopes to have 15,000 volunteers actively at work

in Philadelphia by midsummer to help the Republican cause in this fall's state elections.

**The "Service" Approach.** The chiefs-tains of the old Republican machine regard the Alliance with a mixture of anxiety and contempt. "They've done nothing but make noise," jeers Wilbur Hamilton the city Republican chairman. Says William Austin ("Aus") Meehan, who last year inherited his father's role as boss of the old organization: "I don't think you can run a political organization with a Mimeograph machine and advertising. As Meehan and Hamilton see it, the art of politics is based on what they call "service"—doing favors for people so as to build up a fund of obligation and gratitude that will be useful on election day. Says Hamilton: "We perform every conceivable kind of service." Adds Meehan: "Everything from fixing a traffic ticket to getting a son out of the Army."

The G.O.P.'s failure to make a dent in the Democratic control of Philadelphia during the past eleven years might suggest to Meehan and Hamilton that their approach is wrong, that what present-day voters want from a political party is not ticket fixing but good government. But Meehan and Hamilton blame the G.O.P.'s weakness in Philadelphia on the loss of the patronage that escaped from Republican hands when the Democratic Party captured the governorship. The machine leaders' great hope is that Republican Candidate William Scranton will beat Democrat Dilworth in next November's gubernatorial election. Then, they argue, the city organization will have more patronage to disperse, and will be able once more to provide "service."

**Out of the Crossfire.** Johnson and his Alliance are also rooting fervently for a Scranton victory in November—but for quite different reasons. In Scranton, 44, now a first-term U.S. Representative, the Alliance sees a fresh, star-quality candidate who would make a good Governor and an effective leader of the Republican Party in Pennsylvania.

So bitter is the rivalry between the Alliance and the old G.O.P. organization in Philadelphia that Scranton has decided to stay out of the city until after the May 15 primaries to avoid getting caught in the crossfire. After the primaries (in which the Alliance and the old machine have entered separate slates of candidates for Congress and lesser offices), Scranton will face the challenge of getting the Johnson men and the Meehan men to work together as allies. If he can pass that test of political skill, he will greatly improve his prospects of beating Dilworth in November.

### Untying the Knot

Cutting old-tie loyalties, the 260-member Harvard-Radcliffe Young Democratic Club gave its endorsement for the U.S. Senator from Massachusetts to State Attorney General Edward J. McCormack Jr. (Boston University Law School, '52), ignoring out-and-in Student Teddy Kennedy (Harvard, '56).



HAMILTON & MEEHAN



SCRANTON



JOHNSON

A man being tested in the middle.





WITH CONGRESSWOMAN JESSICA WEISS



WITH ROMNEY  
A man with a lot to conserve



IN WASHINGTON

## Just a Republican

Republican Nelson Rockefeller was running hard, and not just for re-election this year as Governor of New York. In a round of Detroit and Washington appearances last week, Rocky hammered away at a thesis even more meaningful to the national election in 1964 than to his state's 1962 contest. He was, he insisted, neither a liberal nor a conservative—and Republicans ought to quit thinking about one another in such terms.

In Detroit, Rockefeller spoke to the Economic Club and posed smilingly with Michigan gubernatorial candidate George Romney (some Rockefeller followers were already talking hopefully about a Rocky-Romney ticket in '64). Proudly, he told his Detroit audience how he will have reduced New York's debt by \$85 million in four years, and how he has brought new industry and greater economic growth to his home state. "Economic growth cannot be achieved by Government spending alone," said he. "This panacea has failed every time it has been tried throughout our history. The basic problem is the trend of declining business profits, and the lag in business capital investment due to inadequate incentives." The Kennedy Administration, he charged, has failed to encourage business investment in new plants and equipment—and the New Frontier's spending policies are more likely to result in a \$5 billion budget deficit than in Kennedy's predicted \$500 million surplus next year.

"Don't Confuse Me." In Washington, about 1,000 members of the Republican Women's Conference eagerly lined up to shake Rockefeller's hand—and if the ladies had any hard feelings about Rocky's recent divorce, they certainly didn't show it in their reception. One by one, Rockefeller ticked off his major accomplishments as Governor—expanded educational, welfare and housing programs with pay-as-you-go fiscal management. And in each instance he repeated his theme: "Was this liberal or conservative? It was neither. . . . I think we have lost a lot of time and a lot of energy over the debate of what is liberal and what is conservative. I think if anyone goes into a meeting to analyze a problem, to find the answers with an armhand on that says 'I am look-

ing for a liberal solution' or 'I am looking for a conservative solution'—all they are doing is blinding themselves to the realities of the situation. It is a little like the man who said, 'Don't confuse me with the facts; my mind is made up.'"

At a breakfast for about 100 Republican Congressmen, and at a dinner held in the stone mansion he maintains on Foxhall Road in northwest Washington, Rocky continued his arguments against liberal-conservative Republican factionalism. And he made some progress. Said Minnesota's Representative Clark MacGregor: "For a lot of members, particularly from the Midwest and West, this was the first really good look at Rockefeller. They were impressed." Said a top official of the Republican National Committee: "When he was finished, they had a photographer there, and you could have your picture taken with him. My God, I'll bet there were 40 Midwesterners lined up to be in a picture who wouldn't have been seen dead with him a year ago."

**Boffing Fact.** Flying back to Albany in his private, twin-engined Beechcraft, Rockefeller still seemed baffled by the fact that he should be considered a liberal, as opposed to a conservative, Republican. "I," said Millionaire Rockefeller, "have as much to conserve as anyone." But he had had a good week, and he knew it.

## The March of Science

Time was when a politician, in forecasting victory, had to put his own opinion on the line—"We'll win by 23 to 1." But no longer: now all he has to do is hire a pollster, leak the results to the press (if they are favorable, which they had better be), and claim that political science itself is on his side.

Last week the New York Times solemnly reported on Page One the fact that an unnamed pollster (it was, in fact, Lou Harris, who has made a profitable career out of conducting polls for Democratic hopefuls) had just completed a survey indicating that New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner could beat Republican Nelson Rockefeller for Governor this year. The poll showed Wagner leading Rocky by 43% to 41%, with 16% undecided.

The Rockefeller camp seemed singu-

larly unworried. After all, the Republicans were having their own poll made the results to be announced shortly. And no one should be surprised if the news is leaked that the survey shows Rocky ahead.

## Talking in Texas

They seem to be everywhere: from the Panhandle to the Rio Grande, six Democratic candidates for Governor spread-eagle Texas, taking dead aim on the May 5 primary election. But while the candidates are doing plenty of talking, the voters don't seem to be listening.

**Two in the Lead.** With the campaign in its closing weeks, the man to catch is still Governor Price Daniel, 51, an unimposing figure in a country judge's black suit and a crushed Stetson, who wants to become the first Texan to win four two-year terms in Austin. A former U.S. Senator, Baptist Daniel is a just-plain-folks politician who occasionally startles visitors to his office by dropping to his knees in prayer; he won by more than 1,000,000 votes in 1960 although he had bolted the party in 1952 to back Dwight Eisenhower.

In hot pursuit of Daniel is one of the most influential politicians in Texas, although he has never before run for major public office: John Connally, 45. Fort Worth lawyer and oil man, who plotted strategy for Lyndon Johnson's campaigns from 1947 right through the 1960 convention, Connally quit as Secretary of the Navy to run for Governor. Backed by 36 Texas dailies and a gusher of contributions, Conservative Connally is staging the most intensive campaign of any of the candidates: in two months he has traveled more than 22,000 miles, made 43 major speeches, appeared on two statewide and 22 local telecasts.

The remaining four candidates are galloping off in all directions. State Attorney General Will Wilson, 49, charged that Connally was Johnson's stooge and (without proving it) that Daniel has made a mint out of questionable real estate deals while Governor. Houston Lawyer Donald Yarborough, 36, claims the support of labor. Former Highway Commissioner Marshall Formby, 50, is a conservative,

© With Texas' Republican Senator John Tower, Presidentissimo Angelo of the Women's National Press Club Mrs. Jacob Javits



PRESIDENT-GENERAL DUNCAN  
Young, but not quite new.

but he seems to be a blazing liberal compared to the sixth man in the race: former Army Major General Edwin A. Walker 52, who vows that he will turn Texas into a fortress against the onslaught of domestic Communism.

**Barbecue & Bollyhoo.** Yet despite all the huing and crying, neither the candidates nor the campaign seem to have caught fire. Says a Texan in Amarillo: "The whole thing doesn't seem to amount to much this year. I'm not really terribly interested." In Sweetwater, only 25 persons attended a rally for Governor Daniel, although the affair had been hally-hoed for weeks. Connally did get 10,000 to show up at a mammoth barbecue he threw in Floresville, the home of his parents, but more often he found himself talking to empty seats. The politicians blame the obvious voter apathy on the overexposure of the candidates and the lack of dramatic issues: if Daniel's administration has been without great accomplishment, so has it been free of scandal.

In the face of indifference, it seems unlikely that any Democratic candidate will win the primary majority in May, and the top two will have to fight it out in a June run-off. The eventual winner will face Jack Cox, 41, an oil-equipment executive and a leading Democrat himself until he was defeated by Daniel in the 1960 primary. With that, Cox jumped the party to become a Republican and run for Governor this year.

## POPULATION

### Still Melting

New York City has long taken pride, of a sort, in the fact that it has more Jews than Tel Aviv, about as many Irish as Dublin, almost as many Italians as Rome. Now, according to an analysis of 1960 census figures released last week, it has more Puerto Ricans (612,574) than San Juan (432,377).

## ORGANIZATIONS

### Determined DARling

Closing out their 71st Annual Continental Congress in Washington last week, 3,500 delegates of the 187,000-member Daughters of the American Revolution went on record with a roundup of resolutions. The ladies castigated U.S. Latin American policy ("tends to favor state socialism"), urged again that the U.S. withdraw from the United Nations and that the United Nations remove itself from U.S. premises. They opposed buying United Nations bonds, demanded that the Congress dissolve the new U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

As one of the convention's final acts the D.A.R. elected as its new president-general a soft-drawing Virginian named Marion Moncure Duncan. At 48, Mrs. Duncan is one of the youngest women ever to head the venerable organization, and it is her avowed purpose to bring up to date the D.A.R.'s antiquated public image. The mother of three sons; she lives in Alexandria, manages the insurance department of her husband's real estate office. She is acting president of the Order of the First Families of Virginia, a member of the Colonial Dames of America, the Daughters of the Barons of Runnemede, Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century, Daughters of Colonial Wars, Order of the Crown and the Lords of the Maryland Manors.

Despite her links with the dusty past, Mrs. Duncan has some modern public-relations ideas for the D.A.R. "I hope to get an A for Effort for telling the real D.A.R. story," she says. "Patriotic, historical and educational—starting with the Daughters themselves and including the general public. We're living in a public-relations age, and people want to know and should know what we are doing." She has no notion of changing the D.A.R.'s strongly conservative outlook. She simply feels that the public ought to know "our real story." She intends to pursue this goal by attracting young members to the D.A.R. (only 9,840 of the members are under 36). Modern young women want to be well-rounded, whether they're young matrons with children or in business," she says. "I feel they are interested in an upsurge of patriotism, and I think they are part, and should be part, of a well-rounded America. I feel it's time to stand up and be counted before it's too late."

### SANE—and Others

Whenever their babies come down with the colic or break out in bumps, thousands of U.S. mothers turn to the unworried advice of Dr. Benjamin Spock. Yet Dr. Spock has his own anxieties, and last week they were written all over his kindly face as he appeared, with a little girl, in a full-page advertisement in the New York Times. Said the ad written by Spock: "I am worried. Not so much about the effect of past tests but at the prospect of endless future ones. As the tests multiply, so will the damage to children—here and around the world."

The ad, which cost \$4,800 in the Times

and is being reprinted in some 60 other papers, was sponsored by the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE). Claiming 25,000 members in 125 chapters, SANE is the biggest of a number of organizations that have been trying to stir public opinion against this week's resumption of U.S. nuclear tests in the atmosphere. Among these groups, SANE is also one of the most respectable.

**"We Try."** It has not always been that way. After its 1957 founding (co-chairmen: *Saturday Review* Editor Norman Cousins and Quaker Leader Clarence Pickett), SANE became a haven for crackpots and leftists of all stripes. In its policies, it always seemed to condemn the U.S. while rarely criticizing the Soviet Union. Publicly denounced by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, SANE's board was badly split over how to deal with the organization's fellow travelers.

Finally, 37 far-leftists were forced out of SANE. The New York chapter was dissolved and reorganized with a screened membership, and the organization adopted a policy of criticizing the U.S.S.R. as well as the U.S. When Russia's Khrushchev insisted on a troika to supervise a test ban last year, SANE took ads to say: "We believe that such a three-man council operating with a veto, cancels out the very purpose of control." When Khrushchev later boasted about firing a tomegaton bomb, SANE accused him of "an act of nuclear madness" that "contemptuously defied all decency and morality." SANE coordinated the picketing of the Soviet Union's U.N. headquarters in Manhattan by some 2,000 persons.

SANE has long argued for a "workable" step-by-step disarmament and a "realistic" test-ban agreement—both controlled by an on-site inspection system. It has applauded President Kennedy's disarmament proposals (Cousins called last week's U.S. plan "imaginative, reasonable and responsible"). Says Executive Director Ho-



Dr. Spock is worried.

Dr. Spock's Ad  
Sane, but less than realistic.

mer Jack: "We are not pacifist, and we are not for unilateral disarmament. We're not fellow travelers and we're not softheaded. We know the problems the President faces. We try to be constructive."

**"New Approach."** This relatively mild approach has caused SANE to lose ground on U.S. college campuses. Says Jay Greenberg, editor of the University of Chicago's *Maroon*: "SANE is on a decline. The peace groups that have emerged are more activist. Students seem to desire a new approach." The largest campus group is the Student Peace Union, which has about 70 chapters, mostly in the East and Midwest, is big on peace marches and demonstrations against civil defense. Norman Uphoff, head of S.P.U.'s University of Minnesota's chapter, criticizes SANE for its official stand against "civil disobedience" in peace demonstrations, adds: "SANE will not challenge the Government, and therefore can accomplish very little." Some colleges have local peace groups. Harvard's Tocsin, which claims 1,000 supporters, sent 500 students to a peace march in Washington in February; M.I.T.'s Rational Approach to Disarmament and Peace nearly elected a student-body president and is seeking a "peace research center" on the campus; the University of Massachusetts' Synthesis, which has branches at Amherst, Mount Holyoke and Smith, uses pickets to protest compulsory ROTC.

For all its efforts to improve itself, SANE's remedies still seem less than realistic. SANE would throw the whole Berlin problem into the hands of the United Nations, gradually demilitarizing all of Germany and policing it with U.N. troops. SANE opposes all fallout shelter programs, contends that President Kennedy plans to resume tests not for military but for "political-psychological reasons." It urges Kennedy to hold off on testing until he is absolutely certain that the Soviet Union will not sign a test-ban treaty—as if the U.S.S.R.'s refusal were not already perfectly plain. SANE's general outlook is reflected by kindly Dr. Benjamin Spock. Wrote he in his ad: "There are others who think that superior armaments will solve the problem. They scorn those who believe in the strength of a just cause."

## YOUTH

### On the Beach

On the sand beneath a pier at Daytona Beach, Fla., a group of collegians gathered, glanced surreptitiously about, and one by one held out their arms. At that moment a passing dwager spied the scene, stared for a moment in horrified silence, and rushed away to report what was certainly a wicked riot. "I knew it!" she gasped. "They're taking the needle!"

It wasn't a needle at all. One of the group had bought a special pencil, was marking the backs of hands with symbols that would show up under the ultraviolet lamp used by a local casino to check admissions to the twist dance that night. The entrepreneur was doing a rush business. Regular admission price: \$1.70. His rate: 25¢.

**"When in Doubt . . ."** This innocent bit of counterfeiting was part of Daytona life last week. As Easter weekend approached, some 15,000 college boys and girls had swarmed into town to roast in the sun, dance, guzzle beer, and "make out" (or, far more accurately, to talk about making out). On the beach a couple of fast-slapping guitar players started up a hot beat. Within moments, a score of college kids were doing the twist while cheering onlookers, some of them wearing sweatshirts marked "Property of Daytona Beach Jail" and "Stamp Out Virginity," raised their beer cans on high.

"Oh man!" cried a young fellow. "I came down here from Penn State on \$40.

Brubeck for a show, got together a music-making group called the Folksters, gave them a truck and made them a "flying squad." Last week, whenever Nass got a report that the boys and girls were getting out of hand, he put the Folksters onto the truck-bed and sent them out to do a show. Baron ("Buddy") Asher, onetime University of Georgia quarterback and now owner of the Safari Motel, toured college campuses as far as Maryland and Kentucky to offer free beer for parties and, in some cases, rebates on gasoline expenses for the trip south.

**"Cool 'Em Off."** To Daytona's delight, the experiment seemed to be working out well. "Down in Lauderdale," explained a



COLLEGIANS AT DAYTONA  
Somewhat quieter than the 40 & 8.

I got a nickel in my pocket, and I'm having a ball!" He chug-a-lugged his beer and roared: "When in doubt, drink and shout!" That night, in a motel room, 24 boys and girls twisted to the music of a four-piece combo, adroitly avoiding two double beds, a table, a sink, a stove and a refrigerator. Cried a University of Miami coed: "Daytona Beach is the best place in the whole world!"

That was precisely the reaction that Daytona Beach had hoped—and spent money—to evoke. In recent springs, U.S. college kids had been heading like lemmings to Fort Lauderdale, about 200 miles farther south. But last year Lauderdale plainly showed that it was fed up with the hijinks, and authorities craked down hard. No fewer than 800 arrests were made during Easter vacation.

**Flying Squad.** What Lauderdale was tired of, Daytona wanted—and it began a campaign to attract the collegians for the 1962 holidays. Daytona City Commissioner Stanley Nass got civic groups to agree to "welcome the youngsters, leave them alone and let them entertain themselves with the facilities we have." The city appropriated an extra \$12,000 for its recreation fund. Nass hired Jazzman Dave

University of Pennsylvania girl, "if you walk on the sidewalk with a can of beer in your hand, they arrest you. But here they give you a chance." Average daily beer consumption was estimated at three cans per girl, nine per boy (few of the collegians had enough money to buy stronger stuff), and only a few had to be arrested for disorderly conduct.

Predictably, some of the beer buyers were under age (one happy girl sported a false birth certificate that she got for a Christmas present), and minors could always get friends to buy beer for them. The main point, as one cop put it, was "You treat them like adults and they'll behave like it. The other night two guys began directing traffic on the beach. We couldn't stop them short of arresting them, so we told their buddies, and they threw them into the water. That cooled 'em off and solved the problem." Says Commissioner Nass: "I've had more complaints about the convention of the American Legion 40 & 8."

Indeed, about the only sour note of the week came from the *News*, down south at Fort Lauderdale, which editorialized: "We're afraid the good citizens of Daytona will have to learn the hard way."

# THE WORLD

## COMMUNISTS

### Happy Returns, Nikita

In Moscow last week, amid quiet vodka toasts and cries of *Mnogie leta!* (Many years of life), Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev turned 68. Unlike Joseph Stalin, whose birthdays became vast public orgies of obeisance, Khrushchev celebrates his anniversaries in private. In fact, he had little reason to celebrate—and was under doctor's orders not to. Though four years younger than Stalin at the time of his death, Khrushchev has high blood pressure and a heart condition. Moscow rumors persist that he suffered a stroke in recent months; twice, after absences that were officially attributed to flu, Nikita has himself told friends that he suffered a more serious ailment. He has markedly curtailed his social calendar, is on the wagon and a strict diet, and at diplomatic functions seldom seems compelled these days to act the life and soul of the Party.

He remains nonetheless an exceptionally energetic man for his years. After an interview with Khrushchev that lasted nearly three hours, *Look* Publisher Gardner Cowles said last week that the Soviet Premier seemed to be "in extremely good, vigorous health." Khrushchev himself assured the 14th Congress of the Young Communist League: "I am working overtime. According to Soviet law I already have the right not to work. Where must I spend the energy? Must I take it to the grave with me? No. All the energy must be

put into work for the welfare of society."

Indeed, it was not health but history that deserted Nikita Khrushchev in his 68th year. Early in the year, he declared truculently that he would sign a peace treaty with East Germany by year's end. Last week, nearly four months after his deadline, talks continued in Washington on the Berlin issue; Dean Rusk seemed ready to offer Russian Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin some of the semi-concessions that the U.S. had suggested before\* but stood firm on all essentials. Khrushchev's boldest move in 1961 was to raise the Berlin Wall; today it seems less like a master stroke than a monument to the misery of 100 million souls imprisoned in East Europe.

In the nuclear competition, by exploding 120 megatons last fall, Khrushchev merely goaded the U.S. to end its own

\* A "new" plan circulated by the State Department was simply a catalogue of long-discussed possible negotiating points on both Berlin and disarmament. Included were 1) East German and West German committees to discuss mutual problems; 2) a 14-nation authority, with representatives from both Germans and from East and West Berlin, to control access to Berlin; 3) a nonaggression pact between NATO and Warsaw-pact nations; and 4) agreement by the U.S. and Russia to restrict atomic arms to those nations already possessing them. West Germany, while reluctantly agreeing to Rusk's nonaggression, deliberately leaked the plan to the press, called it a "hand-picked compromise" and the measure of "renunciation" of East Germany's right to self-determination and the idea of German reunification, and the (Soviet-backed) authorities

three-year moratorium on testing. Even Khrushchev's compelling space triumphs have paled since the U.S. gave the world a ringside seat for John Glenn's flight.

**Paper Utopia.** In Khrushchev's script, the crowning achievement was to have been last October's 22nd Party Congress at which delegates from 81 Communist nations dutifully ratified the Khrushchev Code, a glittering prospectus for Communism's future by which Nikita hoped to add Khrushchevism to Marxism-Leninism. Yet his paper utopia seemed impossibly remote to most Russians. As a thundering anticlimax, Khrushchev in March unveiled his new blueprint for agriculture, leaving no doubt that the inertia and inefficiency of Russia's farm system will not be overcome in Khrushchev's lifetime, if ever.

Peasant-born Premier Khrushchev has staked his political fortunes and personal popularity on his ability to reverse Soviet agriculture's 35-year history of collectivized chaos. Yet for all his boasts of overtaking U.S. meat and milk output by 1960, last year's better-than-average harvest was followed by a winter in which Russia's overall food shortage was more critical than at any other time since the early postwar years. Khrushchev now proposes to boost food production by doubling tractor and fertilizer output and drastically reshuffling the farm bureaucracy. But none of his crash measures gets to the root of Russia's farm problem: the peasant's stubborn refusal to work harder or produce more without greater incentives in cash and consumer goods than the hard-pressed Soviet economy can spare.

**Consumer Communism.** Throughout Asia and Africa, the new nations seem more likely than ever to elude Russia's net, as Europe did in Lenin's and Stalin's time. Russia's foreign aid program has dwindled to a trickle, and even this is resented by Russians, who think that their own underprivileged economy should come first. Moreover, Khrushchev's withdrawal of aid to Communist China may well have been prompted by the inadequacy of Soviet resources as much as by ideological differences with Mao Tse-tung. Taking advantage of China's internal crisis, Khrushchev may have temporarily forced Mao (who is also 68) to let up on his cold war with Moscow (*see below*). In time even this minor gain for the Soviet leader may deepen the rancor with which China's leaders look on Khrushchev's "consumer Communism."

At 68, Nikita Khrushchev is still powerful, sharp-witted and capable of living the "many years" he was wished last week. Increasingly, though, it looks as if the man who vowed to "bury" the West will himself be under ground before Russia resolves its troubles with the rest of the Communist bloc, with the West, or with its own overcommitted, overregulated economy.



BIRTHDAY BOY KHRUSHCHEV AT COMMUNIST CONGRESS  
Little to celebrate.



PREMIER CHOU EN-LAI ADDRESSING CHINESE CONGRESS  
Too much to cover

## RED CHINA

### Disarray

The rulers of Red China came as close as they dared to a public admission of failure.

For three weeks, the National People's Congress met in secret in Peking. In the vast, modernistic Great Hall of the People, 1,027 delegates gathered to hear the new line. Premier Chou En-lai and other top brass were seated beneath a tan, tasseled curtain bedecked with the huge, five-starred Red Chinese seal of state. All foreigners were barred, even representatives of Peking's one dependable European ally, little Albania.

Finally last week, Peking published a summary of Premier Chou En-lai's state of the nation speech to the Congress. Chou announced that China's economy had "begun to take a turn for the better," but this tepid claim was not supported by statistics of any kind, much less by the grandiose and utopian figures that were trumpeted to the world in 1959. Chou blamed China's food shortage on "serious natural calamities," and dwelt far more on overcoming present difficulties than on striving for future victories.

**New Order.** Premier Chou submitted a ten-point program to the Congress; even in its vague generalities, translators of Communist double-speak find admissions of China's severe economic crisis. Instead of the old slogans about "20 years of progress in a single day!," there seemed little hope now of doing more than feeding and clothing the Chinese people and supplying them with the barest necessities. The Communist leaders completely reversed the old policy of giving priority to heavy industry, which had nearly wrecked China's agriculture; the new demand was for "all-round balance" between branches of the economy "in the order of agriculture, light industry and heavy industry."

Another Red backdown came on the "bourgeois" front. During the big drive

to nationalize China's factories in 1955, their original owners were given monthly interest payments in return for "advice" on plant operation. The payments were scheduled to stop this year. Instead Chou's program deems it necessary to "unite the patriotic elements of the national bourgeoisie" by prolonging the payments for another three years.

With its home sector in disarray, there was some evidence that Red China may be willing to resolve its ideological quarrel with the Soviet Union. Before the Congress, Chou En-lai protested that China, as always, was "firmly and unwaveringly" a friend of Russia, paid lip service to the Khrushchev line—usually derided in China—of peaceful coexistence with non-Communist countries.

**Sought Fissures.** A Soviet trade mission concluded a new economic agreement for 1962 with Peking last week. China will exchange tin, mercury, wool, silk fabrics, readymade clothes and handicrafts for Russian oil products, chemicals, trucks, scientific instruments and ma-

chinery parts. Significantly, China undertakes to export no food, and the Russians apparently were supplying little or no equipment related to heavy industry.

At a banquet celebrating the trade agreement, Soviet Ambassador Stepan Chervonenko carried the thaw a bit further by pledging that "all attempts by the imperialists and various reactionaries to seek fissures in the relations between the Soviet Union and China are doomed to failure." But despite the slight show of conciliation on both sides, the Communist world's most fascinating quarrel seemed a long way from being patched.

## RUSSIA

### My Son! My Son!

Unhonored and unmourned, Vasily Stalin, younger son of the dead dictator® and once the youngest general in the Red air force, last week was reported to have died in remote Saratov, 460 miles southeast of Moscow. He was 31 or 42, twice married and the father of two children. His death, variously said to have been caused by suicide or "excessive drinking," was scarcely noted inside Russia since Soviet newspapers did not report it. But even if they had, few Russians would have been inclined to send flowers.

Raised in the tyrant's shadow, Vasily made the worst of it, demanded and got the same fawning servility he saw heaped upon Stalin. Despite special tutors, he was an indifferent student. Only flying seemed to interest the short (5 ft. 3 in.), slim, red-haired youth, and in 1941 he finally got his wings. In the air Vasily won the reputation of a daredevil pilot; during the postwar years, he occupied a



SON STALIN  
No flowers.

® Stalin's elder son, Yakov Dzhushevili, reportedly died in a German concentration camp during World War II. He was the only child of Stalin's first wife, Vasily and a sister, Svetlana, believed now living in Moscow, were the children of the dictator's second wife, Nadezhda Allilueva, whom Stalin shot to death inside their Kremlin apartment in 1932 during a fit of rage.





TITO & GROMYKO IN BELGRADE  
Prayer was the last resort.

lavish, heavily guarded 10-room villa at Dallgow, near Potsdam, earned notoriety as caring only for drink and women. Partial to cruel practical jokes he enjoyed rousing high-ranking officials in the middle of the night, barking "This is Stalin" and demanding some special privilege.

But *otets* (father) was understanding, and in 1949 Vasily, not yet 30 and a major general, was handed a juicy job: command of the air force in the Moscow military district. Proudly he led the flypast during May Day military exhibitions, devised formations that spelled "Glory to Stalin" in the skies over Moscow.

Vasily abruptly dropped from public notice after Stalin's funeral in 1953, earned his own destalinization even before his father was disgraced. He drank more heavily than ever, was busted from the air force, reportedly killed a woman while driving drunk. Rumors swirled about his fate: he was in a sanatorium for the mentally ill, he was in jail; he was in a Russian arctic slave labor camp. Last week's report ended the speculation: mourners bringing flowers to a grave in a Saratov cemetery noticed a new tombstone engraved with the name of Stalin's son.

## YUGOSLAVIA

### Friends in Need

A Soviet Ilyushin 18 turboprop touched down at Belgrade's military airport last week, rolled to a stop before a neat row of Communist-bloc diplomats that included every resident Red representative except the Albanians. Then the plane door popped open and out stepped Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko, his usual grouchy expression replaced by an almost friendly smile.

Officially, Gromyko's visit to Yugoslavia was in return for a visit to Moscow last summer by Yugoslav Foreign Minister Koca Popovic. Punctiliously, the government newspaper *Politika* gave Gromyko's arrival precisely the same space that *Izvestia* had allotted to Popovic. But there was more to Gromyko's appearance in Belgrade than such formalities indi-

cated. On the government level, Soviet-Yugoslav relations have become steadily warmer, even though party propagandists still practice the name-calling inspired by Tito's 1948 split with Stalin. Khrushchev, faced with the new threat of a more serious break with Red China, has gradually made peace with Tito, who has used his considerable influence among European Communists to urge support for Khrushchev's destalinization policies. Plainly, Gromyko's visit marked the Kremlin's public acknowledgment of Belgrade's valued backing.

**Innovations Fail.** But if the Soviets need Yugoslavia's political aid, Yugoslavia now badly needs Soviet economic aid. Cut off both from Western Europe's Common Market and Eastern Europe's trade bloc, Comecon, the Yugoslav economy is on the point of collapse. Said one official of the Yugoslav National Bank last week: "We have more than \$50 million worth of outstanding bills than we can pay. Our only prayer is that they don't all come in at once."

Last year Belgrade economists made sweeping innovations to decentralize industry, introduce competition by breaking up inefficient state monopolies and giving more control over wages to local factory managers. Though the aim was sensible, the result was chaos.

Communist bureaucrats refused to shut down a single outmoded plant, fearing the ire of unemployed workers. Cumbersome monopolies, which produce goods at inflated cost, lobbied successfully against establishing domestic rivals. Factory managers boosted wages by a staggering 25% went on a buying spree for foreign machinery for which the National Bank had to shell out scarce hard currency. At the same time, relaxed import barriers flooded Belgrade shops with French cognac, Italian shoes and other fancy consumer goods that the economy could not afford.

**Unscheduled Chat.** Last week the government finally stepped in, cut back the program for economic liberalization by tightening control over Communist Party planners. A new regulation asserts the

right of the state "to interfere" when industry proposes new wage hikes.

The economic crisis gave Visitor Gromyko an opportunity to increase Soviet influence. Early during his visit, Gromyko had brushed off Foreign Minister Popovic's surprising endorsement of the latest U.S. proposals on Berlin ("I am very impressed—seems like the first real chance to solve the German question"). But just before he flew back to Moscow, the Soviet Foreign Minister—not a man who usually talks trade—had an unscheduled chat with Tito's top economist, Mijalko Todorovic, Vice President for economic affairs. Presumably their talk included the possible resumption of Soviet aid to Yugoslavia, suspended in 1958.

Gromyko's chat may have paid off. Said one leading Yugoslav official after Gromyko's departure: "If we had to make formal application either to the Common Market or to Comecon, we would apply for full membership in Comecon, with the full knowledge of all the political and economic meaning of such a move."

## DISARMAMENT

### The Game

Disarmament is impossible in the foreseeable future. Everyone knows this except a few sentimentalists. Yet West, East and neutrals continue the solemn game of pretending that some sort of disarmament deal can be reached. The harm of the game, to the West, is that it fosters illusions. The advantage is that more and more it shows up the Russians as phony champions of peace.

With only a few days to go before the U.S. launches its nuclear test-series at Christmas Island, the Russians at Geneva last week continued the game by trying every conceivable stalling tactic to postpone the tests. At the 17-nation disarmament parley, Chief Soviet Delegate Valerian Zorin insisted that the U.S. delay at least until after Easter. U.S. Delegate Arthur Dean recalled that the Russian had already violated one moratorium with their huge *hydro-bombs* last fall. Said he: "We will not be burned twice by the same fire."

**Useless Compromise.** Moscow could still stop the Pacific blasts with a stroke of the pen—by signing a test-ban treaty with adequate inspection guarantees against cheating. Time and again the Russians have refused to do so. Nevertheless, the eight "middlemen" at the conference (Brazil, Burma, Egypt, Ethiopia, India, Mexico, Nigeria and Sweden) also played the game by weighing in with a "compromise" plan of their own that would leave it up to individual countries to "invite" foreign inspectors to investigate suspicious explosions. It was a system tailor-made for nuclear cheating. Zorin and the Communists liked it; Dean and the West most emphatically did not.

The West last week made the most massive and earnest move yet when Delegate Dean laid before the conference the U.S.'s exhaustive blueprint for what the experts call "G.C.C."—general and complete disarmament. Months in the mak-

ing, the plan was just what President Kennedy called it: "The most comprehensive and specific series of proposals the U.S. or any other country has ever made on disarmament."

**Goldwater's Case.** It envisages three stages of phased arms reduction, eventually eliminating national armies altogether. The first two stages would last three years each; no time limit was set for the third and last stage. There is specific provision for inspection and control to prevent cheating, but to minimize Russia's fear of "spies" in the guise of inspectors, the plan introduces the new concept of zonal inspection, or sampling (TIME, March 23), to check treaty compliance on a random basis. Successive stages of the plan would be supervised by a U.N. disarmament organization (ultimately responsible to the Security Council). Eventually a U.N. "peace force" would wield all military power in the world except for minor law-enforcement units that each nation needs to maintain internal order.

The plan will obviously remain wildly utopian as long as the U.N. and the world remain divided. Senator Barry Goldwater expressed misgivings: "I suggest that the American people would rise up in indignant protest if we were to open our defense installations to inspection by United Nations teams, and eventually turn over our security to a U.N. peace force."

But such criticism missed the point. Impressive for its care, patience and technical ingenuity, the U.S. plan is part of the game—an effective counter to Khrushchev's own sweeping (but phony) disarmament proposals. If a miracle happens and the Russians accept the U.S. plan, there are still enough safeguards in it to protect U.S. sovereignty and security.

The miracle, of course, is not happening. At Geneva, Russia's Zorin sneered, "We have heard all this before. It is directed against us."

## FRANCE

### To the Guillotine

A chill rain whipped Rue Desfontaines at noon one day last week as a carload of plainclothes police pulled up at No. 25. The six-story building was barely distinguishable from dozens of other new, white apartment houses in the middle-class European quarter of Algiers—even to the crudely painted Salan across one wall. But the plainclothesmen had made no mistake. Minutes later, they were inside a three-room, ground-floor apartment their service revolvers leveled at ex-General Raoul Salan. In the heart of the city where his men boasted of being "as safe as fish in the sea," almost one year to the day since his arrival in Algiers to take part in the abortive Generals' Revolt, the head of the murderous Secret Army Organization had been captured at last. Said one jubilant gendarme: "He fell into the trap like a beginner."

The arrest was like a scene from a Simenon thriller. From informers' tips and details gleaned from a captured S.A.O. leader, special teams of security police in

France and Algiers laboriously pieced together Raoul Salan's hour-to-hour movements, decided the best chance of taking him alive would be to catch him on an unguarded visit to Rue Desfontaines, one of many hideouts used by his wife Babiche and daughter (who were also arrested). After patient weeks of waiting, police learned that Salan was going to spend Easter weekend with his family, burst into the apartment before he had even removed his hat.

**Shock for a Concierge.** Pale, black-mustached, his silver hair dyed black, blue-suited Salan, 62, looked like a typical Paris businessman, which he claimed to be. From behind the desk where he was seated when they arrived, he wordlessly handed a police inspector an identity card in the name of Louis Carrière, (Methodical Raoul Salan took the name from the Paris street where he once lived.) After a studied silence, the cop pointed



TRAITOR SALAN UNDER ARREST  
"You are responsible."

his revolver at the general's chest, drawled: "You are Salan."

Captured in the apartment with Salan was his aide, former Captain Jean Ferrandi, who had served under the general in Indo-China, came with him to Algiers for the April putsch. As police bundled them outside, one cop could not help identifying their catch to other residents in the hallway. When the concierge heard that M. Carrière was Raoul Salan, she fainted. Silent and deathly pale, Salan was taken with Ferrandi by helicopter to Reghaia, French military headquarters 20 miles from town, where the S.A.O. chief huddled bleakly on a bench between two gendarmes. There he was spotted by an old comrade-in-arms, loyal Gaullist General Charles Ailleret, who was relieved last week as Algerian commander in chief. "You know who I am," barked Ailleret, "You are responsible for all the crimes committed by the S.A.O. in your name."

Clenching and unclenching his hands, Salan stared silently at the floor.

Ailleret raced to Le Rocher Noir, the coastal fortress that houses the French and Provisional Algerian administrations, confirmed Salan's capture to newly appointed High Commissioner Christian Fouchet. As Fouchet called Charles de Gaulle to break the news, a military transport roared off the Reghaia's airstrip, taking the old soldier for the last time from the country for which Raoul Salan, after 44 years of fighting France's enemies, had himself become an enemy of France. Though he is already under sentence of death *in absentia*, by French law Salan must stand trial. Like ex-General Edmond Jouhaud, Salan's chief lieutenant who was captured a month ago, he is certain to be sentenced to the guillotine, barring last-minute clemency by De Gaulle.

In Paris, Salan was lodged with hundreds of other captured S.A.O. terrorists in grim Santé Prison. Breaking his silence, he told police: "It had to happen. I saw too many people for too many silly reasons. People that I didn't know. That is probably how I was captured. What difference does it make? Everything was collapsing around us."

**Hope in the Bled.** Even without Salan, the S.A.O. was still a force to be reckoned with. Bombs still rocked Algiers and Oran after his arrest. Warned the underground S.A.O. radio: "The struggle continues." Still at large are several leaders who are possibly more dangerous than their cautious, calculating commander: Paratroop Colonel Yves Godard, the S.A.O. chief of operations; Colonel Jean Gardes, ordnance chief; Jean-Jacques Susini, an avowed fascist, who formulates S.A.O. doctrine; and ex-General Paul Gardy of the Foreign Legion who proclaimed himself Salan's successor. Nonetheless, for Europeans who remained uneasily loyal to the underground army despite its infamy, Salan's arrest removes the last vestige of respectability from S.A.O. terrorism.

Determined to smash Salan's army, De Gaulle earlier last week flew in 5,000 additional troops to S.A.O.-dominated Oran, named Air Force General Michel Fourquet to succeed Ailleret as commander in chief. Hard-hitting Gaullist Fourquet set out to restore order before restive Moslem mobs got out of control in Oran and Algiers.

Most encouraging portent so far is that in the Algerian *bled* (the hinterland), where 7,000,000 of the country's 9,000,000 Moslems live, the vast majority are cooperating peacefully with the French army and their own leaders to prepare for independence. At Rhoûi, only a few miles from the spot where the Algerian rebellion broke out seven years ago, a veteran French administrator declared last week: "It's almost too good to be true."

### The Gallic Bomb

Of all the differences that beset Franco-American relations, nothing angers Charles de Gaulle more than the U.S.'s refusal to help him build his atom bomb. Time after time, French officials have shown up in Washington with shopping lists for nuclear

equipment and other gadgetry needed by De Gaulle's proposed *force de frappe* (striking force), only to be turned away. Last week, President Kennedy publicly, and emphatically, gave the French another no.

Occasion for the latest turnaround was last month's visit to the Pentagon by General Gaston Lavaud, chief of procurement for the French Defense Ministry. He brought with him a reply to repeated Washington appeals that NATO nations do more of their military purchasing from American firms to help the U.S.'s gold drain. "You need dollars. Here is what will get you dollars," said Lavaud, handing U.S. officers a list of things that France would like to buy. It included equipment

with their atomic striking force. De Gaulle has conducted four atomic test explosions in the Sahara wastes, is close to building a modest bomb small enough to be delivered by an airplane. At the big Dassault factories, work is under way on the Mirage IV bomber, a two-seat jet that can reach Mach 2.4 (1,590 m.p.h.) over a 2,000-mile range. Fifty of these, combined with the smaller, slower Mirage III, will make a considerable new foe for the Communists along about 1965. The first French-made A-bombs may well be installed in a few Mirage IVs next year.

**Good Memories.** Since the *force de frappe* is inevitable, why ask the French should the U.S. not help make De Gaulle's task easier and cheaper? One reason is the

White House pressure on Europeans to concentrate on conventional ground and air forces only fortifies De Gaulle's suspicion. In the eyes of one of France's top soldiers, the idea of conventional warfare "is totally stupid. Spain in the 13th century built the world's best sword, and continued to use the sword, refusing the new invention of artillery. That finished Spain. You cannot reject technology in war."

## IRAN

### Successful King Business

"Let me tell you quite bluntly that this king business has given me nothing personally but headaches," said Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi of Iran to the National Press Club. "During the whole of these 20 years of my reign, I have continually lived under the strain and stress of my duties." In the past two decades, said the Shah, he had been the target of several assassination attempts, been vilified by "elements of international subversion," turned over 90% of his private fortune to be used "for the benefit of my people." As he moved from Washington to New York last week on the second leg of his U.S. visit, he reinforced the impression already made in the capital that he is an earnest, responsible monarch — no longer, he wryly admitted, the Europe-roaming playboy of earlier days.

In Manhattan, a city still impressed by the "king business," the Shah and his Empress Farah got the full treatment, including a ticker tape parade. The Empress was received backstage at Broadway's *Camelot*, visited the Guggenheim Museum and the Museum of Modern Art. Diplomatically, she said that she "did not know much about modern art. But it is always very interesting for me to see and learn more."

In speeches, the Shah reconfirmed Iran's commitment to the West. He recalled that on the day he took his throne at the age of 21, in 1941, Teheran was "invaded and occupied" by Russian troops. At the end of the war, the Russians who "molested my country" were forced out only by the combined efforts of the U.S. and the United Nations. Because of this experience, said the Shah, "we decided to throw our lot officially and openly with the Western nations."

The most pressing problem facing Iran said the Shah, was to "catch up with the most progressive caravan of world civilization." Though he said Iran now has one of the highest standards of living in the Middle East, individual incomes still average only \$165 a year. By drastic economic programs, the Shah wants to raise incomes until in "the next 20 years, they should compete with the advanced countries of Europe." Again and again he said that there is no pride in being ruler of a poor country.

At week's end the Shah took with him a firm commitment for increased U.S. military aid to Iran. Details were not disclosed, but from the State Department came word that the Shah was "extraordinarily satisfied."



SHAH & EMPRESS IN MANHATTAN PARADE  
To catch up with the caravan of civilization.

for a gaseous diffusion plant to make enriched uranium, plans for nuclear submarines, propulsion and guidance gear for rocket missiles.

**The Blackball.** Sympathetic Pentagon officials recommended White House approval; even General Maxwell D. Taylor, Kennedy's personal military adviser, came back from his European tour urging that the restrictions against France be relaxed. The soldier's argument: concessions to De Gaulle might soften his three-year-old ban on stationing of U.S. nuclear warheads in France, might induce him to put returning troops from Algeria under NATO command. But the State Department's advice — and Kennedy's own inclination — was to refuse. Let De Gaulle first make good his old NATO promises, they argued; moreover, including France in the small "nuclear club" would only bring additional claimants like the West Germans running to demand the Bomb for themselves as well. As Kennedy put it last week, the U.S. is "very reluctant to see the proliferation of nuclear weapons."

But the French are grimly determined, with or without outside help, to go ahead

McMahon Act, the law that forbids giving U.S. nuclear secrets to any nation not already in possession of the bomb.\* But France argues that Kennedy's officials go far beyond the McMahon Act's intentions; often, say the French bitterly, the U.S. has blandly used the simple administrative device of refusing export licenses on some commodities that have nothing to do with nuclear secrets, such as missile hardware.

The French resent suggestions that the *force de frappe* is merely a device to enhance France's sense of grandeur. On the contrary, they insist, the motive is an instinct for survival. Charles de Gaulle fears that the Kennedy Administration is edging toward atomic disengagement in Europe, tends more and more toward a defense posture depending on Polaris submarine missiles and long-range rockets fired from U.S. soil. Thus, argues De Gaulle, France and Europe need atomic weapons of their own.

\* So far only Britain qualifies for such help, which arouses French ire at the "Anglo-Saxon conspiracy" they are constantly decrying.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### End of the Affair?

With speed and resolution that were conspicuously lacking when they popped the closet eleven years ago, Her Majesty's government moved last week to reinter Britain's Public Skeletons 1 and 2: Donald Duart Maclean, now 48, and Guy Francis de Moncy Burgess, 51, the blue-eyed Foreign Office homosexuals whose 1951 elopement to the Soviet Union prompted one of then-Secretary of State Dean Acheson's rare outbursts. Said he: "My God, Maclean knew everything!"

On a tip from M.I.6, Britain's overseas intelligence branch, the government learned that the Red queens—they have long since parted—might be leaving Moscow, swore out warrants for their arrest under Britain's Official Secrets Act. At week's end, after checking every train, plane and ship from Russia, British police and intelligence agents from Accra to Zanzibar were still waiting. Some highly placed Britons hoped they would wait a long, long time.

At the time of their defection, intimates and superiors—who included some of Britain's most respected intellectuals and public officials—argued by spy-thriller logic that neither Donald Maclean nor Guy Burgess could possibly be a spy. Said one friend: "They were too obvious." Both, it turned out, were combative, neurotic alcoholics who blabbed official secrets at cocktail parties, were avowed pro-Communists, had been officially reprimanded for their indiscretions.

Throughout his lower-echelon Foreign Office career, handsome, curly-haired Guy Burgess was constantly in trouble, physically dirty and in debt; naturally, no one took seriously his close friendship with Atom Spy Alan Nunn May. Though a known homosexual and prone to savage fits of violence, flabby, fair-haired Donald Maclean was privy to top-level U.S. atomic information as wartime First Secretary in Britain's Washington embassy; later headed the American desk in the Foreign Office. To one casual acquaintance, Maclean's allegiance to Communism "stuck out a mile." Yet, though they might be "eccentric," both were "gentlemen." Today, they are still many in Britain who scream "McCarthyism" at the suggestion that scientists or civil servants should be more closely screened. This month, in the wake of two other flagrant espionage cases, a government committee investigating security procedures recommended drastic reforms. Its findings stirred angry protests against what the *Laborite Daily Herald* called "spy mania." If Maclean and Burgess do return to Britain and come to trial, the full story of their defection should persuade the public that there have been occasions when pansies and pinks were presumed to be patriots. Meanwhile, the pair seemed to be sitting tight in Moscow, wearied by all the sudden interest. "Oh, tell them I've gone to Cuba," was all that questioners got out of the man who is known to his friends as Jim Andreevich Burgess.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Victory by Radio?

In South Viet Nam, U.S. General Curtis LeMay, Air Force Chief of Staff, critically examined the Vietnamese air arm and found it good. Just before hopping into the pilot's seat to fly his jet KC-135 to the Philippines, LeMay said: "It's perfectly apparent to me that the Vietnamese government is making rapid strides in its efforts to clear the country of Communist insurgents."

Other recent visitors to South Viet Nam were not so sure.

**Victory Key.** Back in Washington from a month of firsthand observation in the jungle were four sunburned, weary U.S. officers—a general and three colonels. To President Kennedy, the four antiguerrilla specialists reported that the war with the Viet Cong guerrillas is going better, but that the Communists are still winning. Some of the report's main points:

- The peasants remain more friendly to the Viet Cong than to the pro-French government of President Ngo Dinh Diem, and the peasants are the key to victory.
- Corrupt local officials are putting a crimp in U.S. economic aid. Food for the peasants is spirited away and sold by local chieftains; other aid vanishes in transit to the provinces.

- Communications have improved but are still lagging, making it difficult to spread Saigon's anti-Communist message.

- What worked in Malaya—resettling peasants in "fortified villages" so that the guerrillas are cut off from peasant support—is not yet working in South Viet Nam. The peasants are passionately attached to their ancestral fields; when they are moved, they usually slip off into the jungle to join the Reds, who promise to give them back their land. In two fortified villages, part of "Operation Sunrise," where U.S. aid has supplied food, tools, houses and medical care, the peasants have discovered that life can be better than before. Elsewhere, they have simply been rounded up by uncomprehending district chiefs and put to work without pay. They listen sympathetically when the Viet Cong describe the fortified villages as "concentration camps."

What worries many U.S. observers is the divide-and-rule philosophy of President Diem, who is suspicious of any possible concentration of power against him. The fortified-villages operation, for instance, is split between two ministerial committees, one headed by Diem's powerful brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, the other by one of Diem's secretaries of state; there is no liaison between the committees and very little within them—six or seven separate plans for rural reconstruction have been drawn up, and none are really working. Moreover, U.S. advisers complain that units of the South Vietnamese army can hardly make a move without first clearing it with Saigon, wasting precious time in striking back at the guerrillas.

**High Price.** Washington has moved to remedy in part the lack of communications in the Vietnamese villages. Twenty-



FORTIFIED VILLAGE ABUILDING  
The jungle coils.

three villages are already equipped with mimeograph machines, enabling trained Vietnamese editors to produce daily newspapers with stories supplied by short-wave radio. More than 100 mobile film units tour the country showing short subjects ranging from how-to-do-it films on health and agriculture to hard-hitting exposés on the Viet Cong. The U.S. State Department, which helps with the scenarios, estimates that the films were seen by 17 million people last year.

Latest effort: orders were placed last week for 50,000 transistor radios, which will be sold to the peasants for about \$13 each. The price is high, but the U.S. State Department and the South Viet Nam Ministry of Information believe that they will be snapped up by such village leaders as the local mayor, the owner of the general store and the head of the farm cooperative. Peasants can be counted on to drop in, lured by the broadcasts. To be heard: three government stations, the Voice of America—and Radio Hanoi in Communist North Viet Nam.

## CENTRAL AFRICA

### Royboy

"I have swum bare-arsed in the Makabusi River with many picnics in my poorer days," Sir Roy Welensky once roared on television. He obviously thought his statement was enough to disprove the charge that he is anti-black. But as Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, jumbo-sized (6 ft. 2 in., 282 lbs.) Roy Welensky stands as the biggest and most powerful symbol of white supremacy in the largest and richest white colonial bastion still left in Africa.

The Federation (Northern and Southern



Rhodesia and Nyasaland) has been kept by Britain's steady influence from falling into the turmoil of the Congo, and its native population has not been so riven by tribal savagery as Kenya's. But the 8,300,000 blacks resent being dominated by 30,000 whites, and under the proposed new British constitution for Northern Rhodesia, the largely disenfranchised blacks would have a chance to win control—and to break up the Federation. That is what Welensky is trying to ward off; in federal parliamentary elections this week, he is seeking a new white, pro-Federation mandate from all three territories. Says he: "If the Federation were to go under, you would see the lights go out in this part of Africa."

**False Teeth.** On the hustings, Sir Roy ("Royboy" to his jovial white audiences) is shouting, sweating but engaging demagogue, his inevitable red suspenders maintaining a tenuous hold on his tentlike trousers. When his speech grows indistinct, he merrily apologizes for his badly fitting false teeth. He accuses Britain of "pandering to pan-Africanism," has called London's Lancaster House, where the Rhodesian constitutional conferences took place, "that place of infamy."

The British government has sat on the fence for so long, I'm surprised it hasn't been cut in two," he sneered. He also lashed out at Adlai Stevenson, who had said that the white settlers added "an extra edge of trouble and bitterness" to the African scene. Replied Sir Roy: it is in fact the "white Africans who have brought skill, progress, and light to Africa," while such African-controlled countries as Guinea and Ghana are "dictatorships."

**The Champ.** Royboy's loud and stubborn convictions were shaped in a career that is typical of yesterday's Africa. He was born in 1907 in a seedy flophouse in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, run by his parents, Michael and Leah Welensky. A huge, hard-drinking Jewish immigrant from Russian Poland, Michael Welensky cut off his trigger finger to avoid conscription by the Czar's army, sought his fortune as a fur trader in the U.S. before settling in Salisbury after the diamond rush. Son Roy (his real first name is Raphael) quit school at 14; after a series of odd jobs ranging from baker to bartender he became a railroad fireman.

He weighed nearly 300 lbs., and supplemented his meager income by boxing professionally for "a pound a round." At 18 he won the heavyweight championship of Rhodesia, lost it two years later (a low blow, claims Royboy) and quit the ring for good. After a two-year courtship in which he scared off all her other suitors with his fists, he finally married Elizabeth Henderson, a waitress in a Bulawayo café; today Liz Welensky bans politics from her home in Salisbury, banishes Sir Roy to the rose garden if he wants to talk shop with his political cronies.

**The White Elephant.** Promoted to engineer by the railroad, Royboy revived the moribund railroaders' trade union and became its leader. He then set out on a self-education program, broke railroad

rules on his trips by turning the throttle over to the fireman; by the light of the firebox, he devoured books from Karl Marx to Sherlock Holmes.

Taking the short step from union to politics, Welensky was elected to Northern Rhodesia's territorial Legislative Council in 1938. An early champion of federation, Welensky believed in the gradual growth of "racial partnership" with the Africans. Though such gradualism made sense, it was outpaced by events and emotions. From the start, Sir Roy (he was knighted in 1953) failed to realize that he would have to come to terms with African nationalism. He forced Southern Rhodesia's black leader, Joshua Nkomo, into exile, threw Nyasaland's Dr. Hastings Banda and Northern Rhodesia's Kenneth



SIR ROY WELENSKY  
Epitaph for an elephant?

Kaunda into jail. (Recalling the tribulations of his people at the U.N. last week Kaunda burst into tears.) Nationalist leaders nicknamed Welensky "the Elephant"; in their eyes, he was almost literally a white elephant in modern Africa.

Welensky is assured of winning this week's election, but it will be a meaningless victory. The contest is being fought under existing federal election rules, in which only a small number of blacks have the vote; whites, though increasingly critical of Royboy, will overwhelmingly support him. In the long run, Welensky cannot stop the dissolution of the Federation. Nyasaland has already said that it will secede, and Northern Rhodesia will almost certainly follow it, as expected under its new constitution, political control passes to the blacks. White extremists in Southern Rhodesia would rather go it alone than remain in a federation that would ultimately be black-dominated. Says Nyasaland's Hastings Banda: "We will soon write the Elephant's epitaph."

## HONG KONG

### Refugee Dilemma

At the frontier bridge between Hong Kong and Red China, a beefy Australian-born constable said: "The only real problem is sending back the ones who don't have proper papers. Why, sometimes, they fall flat down and holler bloody murder. But we just pick 'em up and carry 'em to the bridge and send 'em back." Defensively, he added: "What are we gonna do with 'em? Hong Kong's bursting at the seams with Chinese refugees. Formosa won't have them. The United States has a strict quota system—and don't send them to Australia, thank you."

The grim question of refugees from Red China got a rare public hearing last week in Hong Kong's Legislative Council. Four Chinese boys and two girls had daringly escaped from the mainland in a sampan so leaky that it sank. Rescued by a passing junk, the six youngsters were vouchered for by a Hong Kong relative who would guarantee their support. But the police arrested the six for illegal entry, brusquely pushed them back across the border. The Hong Kong *Tiger Standard* blasted the government for an "appallingly inhumane blunder." The president of Formosa's Free China Relief Association called the action "tantamount to sentencing the youths to death."

**Over the Fence.** It was not simply a case of bureaucratic heartlessness. Since the Communists seized China in 1949, Hong Kong has absorbed a million refugees. Because Red China cynically gives exit visas to the aged and infirm who are of no use at home, an average of 1,500 a month come over the border legally. An estimated 16,000 more per month arrive illegally, either packed in the holds of fishing junks or by climbing the eight-foot fence that runs along the 22-mile land border with China. Under the tacit rules of the game, those refugees who make it into town are usually ignored by the police.

The cost to Hong Kong has been staggering. Since 1949, school population has leaped from 13,000 to 658,000, medical expenditures from \$26,000 to \$26.3 million. Despite a vast housing program, thousands of luckless refugees still sleep in doorways and on rooftops, or huddle in shantytowns clinging to the sides of hills.

**Ajar Door.** Speaking in the Legislative Council last week, Colonial Secretary Claude Burgess said Hong Kong's 3,250,000 population (a density of 8,200 per sq. mi.) was "now dangerously swollen," and required a restrictive immigration policy to maintain the present standard of living. In sum, the speech suggested that Hong Kong will get tougher on the refugees but will continue to leave the door slightly ajar. One telling point made by Burgess: the refugee problem is one that "no country in the world is in practice willing to share with us." Over the past ten years, Formosa has taken only 14,000 Chinese refugees from Hong Kong—little more than twice the number admitted to the U.S., and fewer even than Canada (20,000).





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# THE HEMISPHERE

## CUBA

### Moscow's Man in Havana

(See Cover)

Helicopters beat low over Havana, and Russian-built MIG-16 sweeping jets sent sonic booms thundering down the capital's sea-front Malecón Drive. In every town along the 760-mile length of Cuba, the speechmakers mounted their platforms to trumpet victory to the assembled populace. The first anniversary of Fidel Castro's triumph over the hap hazard U.S.-backed Bay of Pigs invasion was at hand, and May Day lay just ahead. It was time to celebrate in Communist Cuba.

But this year, unlike last, Cuba's revolutionaries have very little to congratulate themselves about. The regime still stands—a well-armed dictatorship is not easily overthrown, as the Bay of Pigs fiasco demonstrated. Yet it is a leadership in disarray, increasingly ostracized by its hemispheric neighbors, beset by economic catastrophe and torn by a bitter, not yet settled internal struggle for power.

The falling out among Marxists was something new for Cuba. Suddenly, Fidel Castro, until now Cuba's Maximum Leader and self-declared No. 1 Marxist, had lashed out publicly at the island's official Communist Party and had posed a fascinating question: Who is the real boss in Cuba—Castro, who takes orders only from himself, or the Communist Party's old-line professionals, who get their instructions from Moscow?

**Revolution in a Raffle.** Castro's answer was as clear as he could make it—he was still in charge. Last month, in a marathon 3½-hour speech to his countrymen, he accused the old party regulars of undercutting his revolution, of shunting aside his followers in favor of its own cadres, of lowering a yoke on Cuba. Cried Castro: "The only comrade who could be trusted, the only one who could be appointed to an important post on a people's farm, a cooperative, in the state administration, any place, had to be an old Marxist militant. They thought that they had won the revolution in a raffle."

As quickly as the split was opened to public view, Cuba's Communists hurried to smooth it over. "There is no breach, but rather more unity for all," insisted Hov, official organ of the Communist Party. Yet only a unity of necessity joins Castro's wild-eyed impulsive revolutionaries and the party's longtime regulars. And it is doubtful that any lasting meeting of minds can come between the moldering and vain Fidel and the shadowy, heavy-set mulatto who heads Cuba's Communist Party and commands its maneuvers.

He is Blas Roca, 51, secretary-general of the party, for 26 years Moscow's most trusted servile man in Havana, and now determined, if he gets the chance, to shape Cuba to the Kremlin's liking. Blas

Roca is an orthodox Communist, cynical, opportunistic, dedicated. He believes in party discipline, and in a Cuba run by committees of technicians under the rigid control of a politburo of himself and his fellow professionals. By nature and by training he distrusts Castro's messianic brand of Marxism, his barefoot government-by-impulse, and his insatiable appetite for personal adulation. Because he could do nothing else, Roca joined forces with Castro, offering the party's organization in return for mass support. But so far, the partnership has brought only

papers counted 280 bus breakdowns on Havana's streets in one day alone recently. "What am I supposed to do when this thing finally goes—join the militia?" said the disgruntled driver of a 1953 Cadillac taxi. Cubans are leary of the Coca-Cola they drink—it has been known to contain cockroach eggs; in bars they pointedly order Coke "sin bacilli" (without germs). "My father would be very sad to see this," said the son of the late president of Coca-Cola in Cuba.

**Bitter Harvest.** What is sadly visible on the face of Cuba is clearer still in the



CASTRO & ROCA  
A partnership producing ruin.

ruination to what was once one of the richest countries in Latin America.

**Soot & Soup.** The face of Cuba seems to be crumbling like the sea wall along Havana's beautiful Malecón Drive. The gay city is now grey and, for a Latin capital, uncharacteristically quiet. No visitor can fail to note the soot-smudged dinginess of the Habana Riviera and the Habana Libre, once the city's flouziest hotels. Silent knots of Iron Curtain technicians, gun-toting militiamen, and bewildered peasants brought to Havana for Marxist orientation have replaced the thronging tourists who once filled their lobbies. Nightclubs like the Tropicana—still hallyhoed as the world's biggest—continue to operate, but with a *Cuba socialista* beat and the leggy pony chorus now does Russian folk dances. The great restaurants have two choices on the menu—half-dollar-sized steak (at \$6 a crack) and spaghetti; on the street, the hamburger stands serve watery bean soup.

Nothing seems to work. Havana's transportation system is coasting to a halt for lack of spare parts and mechanics to install them. One of Castro's captive news-

statistics of economy. The country runs on sugar, and under Communism sugar has been ruined. Little or no cane has been replanted for three years; most fields have not been fertilized. Many of the expert cane cutters who normally harvest the crop are in the militia, and the "volunteers" who replace them have hacked the stalks so badly that normal regrowth is stopped or stunted. In pre-Castro years, Cuba could count on about 5,000,000 tons of sugar, for which it got an average \$500 million, most of it from the U.S. in preferential prices. Fortnight ago, Cuba's Minister of Industry, Che Guevara, who, if nothing else, is the most candid of Cuba's new rulers, reported on this year's crop to a meeting of sugar workers: "The first thing we must say is that this harvest has been bad."

With the rainy season beginning, said Guevara, only three or four sugar mills of 160 in Cuba were meeting what he called "conservative targets." The outlook: 1,000,000 tons or less, which, with last year's carryover, will bring Cuba only \$316 million, or a bare 53% of sugar earnings in pre-Castro 1957. Even that



CONTACT MAN RODRIGUEZ  
Red on the inside.

sum will not be in hard cash, but in high-priced barter goods from the Soviet bloc which has replaced the U.S. as Cuba's major trading partner.

**Profits into Losses.** At night, Havana's once bright lights are dimmed for economic reasons: each kilowatt-hour of electricity, the Communists tell the people costs 345 grams of oil, which comes from Russia and is paid for with scarce sugar. The new poverty has halved Cuba's per capita income. The figure in 1957 was \$174 for each of the country's 6,400,000 people, and Cuba ranked second among the 20 Latin American nations; now it is among the last seven on the list with a real per capita income of \$185. Profitable domestic industries once made Cuba 100% self-sufficient in a long list of items: cigarettes, beer, soap, detergents, evaporated milk, tires and tubes, cement, refined petroleum, clothing, paints. Now all have been nationalized; production has faltered and profits have turned into losses.

The cigarette industry lost about \$5,780,000 in the second half of 1961; the breweries more than \$5,000,000. Soap was a big-time pre-Castro industry, with an annual 50,000-ton output, plus another 10,000 tons of detergent. Today the soap ration (when available) is one bath-size cake per person per month, plus a small packet of detergent for two persons per month.

The Communist world's promises to make Cuba a model of insular self-sufficiency have proved empty. The Cuban press has reported grandiose plans for more than 76 new factories, including plants for ballpoint pens, gum erasers, gasoline pumps, auto parts and batteries; poultry processing, machine tools, meat processing, shipbuilding, oil refining, electric power, steel milling and nail manufacturing. So far, Cuba's socialist partners have built four juice-canning plants, two

cotton mills and a biscuit bakery. But in the other direction, Cuba has sent shiploads of machinery and furniture to Russia.

**Making History.** Before Communism, Cuba grew 70% of its food; today domestic food production has dropped by 50%, and little comes in from the rest of the Communist world. The country is not starving, but Havana, a city of 1,300,000, is getting hungry. In a way, its citizens are making history. In 1842, during the hated Spanish rule, the poorest-fed Cubans on record—Negro slaves from Africa—were guaranteed by law and custom at least 8 oz. of meat or fish a day, 4 oz. of rice, 12 oz. of cooking fat and 4 lbs. of vegetables. Under Castro's rationing system, citizens of Havana are now allotted 3 oz. of meat or fish a day, 3 oz. of rice, 1/2 oz. of cooking fat and 8 oz. of vegetables. Even that meager ration is hard to come by. Housewives start lining up at 3 a.m. before the neighborhood groceries, which open at 8. Almost always, the end of the food comes before the end of the line.

"If this is socialism, you can have it," said a *Habano* to a visiting journalist a few weeks ago. Some 200,000 of his fellow Cubans—mostly of the middle class—have already had it, and have fled into exile. Of 4,000 doctors before Castro, 1,400 have left; of 1,800 pharmacists 100 left; of 700 agricultural engineers 320 left; of 1,800 certified public accountants 1,000 left; of 800 civil engineers, 250 left; of 220 electrical engineers 200 left.

To top it off, Castro's noisy insults and his slave trader's offer to sell for \$62 million the 1,179 Bay of Pigs prisoners have disgusted and alienated many of the Latin Americans at first disposed to treat his revolution kindly (even though his may still be a name to reckon with among Latin America's back-country illiterates). Last week the strongest of the 60 sick and wounded prisoners Castro has sold on credit were in the U.S. to beg funds to buy themselves and the other 1,170 still in jail. In Manhattan, Cardinal Spellman contributed \$5,000 to their cause. From Mexico, onetime Cuban Vice President Guillermo Alonso Puig flew to Havana, paid \$100,000 cash for his son, a private in the exile brigade, and flew out again.

**Chance to Ride.** Despite what oratorical mileage he can still get out of the Bay of Pigs, Castro's people cannot live on oratory. The revolution is foundering and for advice the amateur student of Marxism has had to turn increasingly to Cuba's old pros in the field. For Roca it was the opportunity the party had been looking for ever since it rose up 37 years ago in Cuba's eastern Oriente province. In all their years of maneuver and propaganda, the Communists had never found popular support among Cubans. Cynical and corrupt, the Reds had enjoyed only brief periods of influence by dealing with detested dictators, which inevitably added to their later disfavor. Now suddenly they saw a chance for a ride on the wave of the future.

No one yearned more for power than Blas Roca, the dogged party chieftain who had made the long climb up through the ranks, memorizing his Marxist catechism and steadily following Communism's twists and turns. A largely self-educated and self-disciplined man, he knows how to smile when he is angry, agree publicly when he disagrees privately, listen when he wants to speak, make deals with those it is his instinct to detest, keep his temper even when slapped in the face.

**A Way Out.** Eldest son of a poor shoemaker named Francisco Martinez and his common-law wife, Blas Roca was born July 24, 1908 in Manzanillo's working-class district of San Nicolás. The children took their mother's family name: Roca was named Francisco Calderio, nicknamed "Paco," meaning Little Frank. Known as a *vivo*—someone not deeply intelligent but clever—he managed to get through grammar school before he had to join his brothers cutting leather and stitching peasant shoes in a tiny home workshop. Against the bleak prospect of a lifetime at the cobbler's bench, the Communists offered a way up and out.

Before long, Roca was an official of Manzanillo's Communist-controlled shoe workers' union and deeply involved in the party's struggle for recognition. Unable to get anywhere on their own, the Communists sought to make a deal in August 1933 with Dictator Gerardo Machado whom Cubans knew as "the butcher of Havana." Virtually the entire country was on general strike against Machado, and the Reds were offered control of Cuba's entire Labor Confederation if they would denounce the strike. The party accepted the offer. Four days later, Machado fled leaving the Communists behind as the dictator's last remaining supporters.

The mistake is still remembered as "the August error." Blas Roca survived the purge that followed, and even moved up to boss the Oriente provincial party machinery. He made a pilgrimage to Moscow as a delegate to the Seventh Congress of the Communist International, and there



ANTI-COMMUNIST MATOS  
Green on the outside.

he obviously impressed his superiors. Jacques Duclos, the pudgy French Communist who once strongly influenced North American Communists, once described Roca as the most clear-thinking Red in the Americas. On Roca's return to Cuba, the middle-class intellectuals who had been running things were deposed. Shoemaker Roca, a man of the proletariat, was installed as the secretary-general and big boss, a post he has held ever since.

**All for Cuba.** Soon, like his predecessors, he was searching for a deal. Fulgencio Batista, the tough army sergeant who rode a coup to power in 1933, was now the man in charge. In return for what support the Communists could give, he allowed the party to start publishing its newspaper *Hoy*, and then, as the friendship warmed, gave the Reds what they wanted—control of the Cuban Labor Confederation. The next objective—real popular appeal—was somewhat harder to achieve. Hoping to disguise Moscow's controlling arm, Roca set out to "Cubanize" the party. The word commissar was banned from party publications, and the Communists even spoke gently of their bitterest enemy, the Roman Catholic Church, to which 90% of all Cubans belong. Yet Roca did not mistake where the orders came from. "We must never forget that the important thing is the security of the Soviet state," he once told a *Hoy* editor.

When Batista's term ended in 1944, the party tumbled back into obscurity. In true Communist fashion, Roca recognized no defeat: "Of course, Cuba will be a socialist country some day," he told a U.S. newsmen. "When" is the only question suitable for discussion. But he had little to go on. Batista's freely elected successors, first Grau San Martín, then Priu Socarrás, wanted no part of the Communists, stripped away their control of the labor confederation. In two years from 1948 to 1950, registered party members dropped from 150,000 to 55,000. Even Batista, when he returned to power at gunpoint in 1952, had no deals to offer this time. Anxious to stay on the right side of the U.S., whose sugar and tourist dollars filled Cuba's (as well as his) pockets, he went so far as to outlaw the Communists and drive them underground. There they stayed until Castro came along seven years later.

**"Petty Putsch."** At that, the Communists almost missed the boat with Fidel. When Castro led a gang of young rebels in a foolhardy frontal assault on Batista's Moncada barracks in 1953, the old party-liners called it a "petty-bourgeois putsch." In 1957, when Castro went into the Sierra Maestra hills to start his guerrilla war, they again dismissed him as an ineffectual "adventurer"—a Communist phrase for amateurs. But Castro survived and grew stronger, and the possibility of an alliance began to dawn on both sides. Though Castro was a hero in the hills with great popularity among Cuba's peasants, he had little support in Havana itself. In April 1958 he called a general strike which

failed miserably. Communists blamed the failure on the fact that they had not participated. Actually, the strike was doomed before it started. Cuba's workers were among the most advanced in Latin America; only seven countries paid higher industrial wages. The workers acted as if they had never heard of Fidel Castro.

Nonetheless, Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, a middle-class intellectual who was generally considered No. 2 to Roca in the party, went into the hills to make contact with Castro's revolutionaries. Fidel already had a woolly-minded vision of himself as a Marxist messiah, and he apparently believed that the professional Communists had something to offer his revolution. When Castro came down from the hills to Havana in January 1959, Rodríguez came too, proudly sporting the

**Signs of Melonism.** Next to go Communist were Cuba's unwilling labor unions. Though the Communists campaigned hard for elections leading up to the first Cuban Labor Confederation convention, they were rejected. Going into the convention, 26 out of 33 syndicates were Communist-free. As the delegates were about to choose confederation leaders, Castro appeared to harangue the union men about unity, and insist that the Communists be represented. Once in, they gradually purged anti-Communist elements. Castro opened the way for Roca's militants to take over the universities. He removed his anti-Communist Provisional President, Manuel Urrutia, and replaced him with Old Communist Osvaldo Dorticos. The anti-Communists who were left in the government joked



COMMUNIST ARTILLERY ON HAVANA SEA WALL.  
And the pony chorus does Russian folk dances.

rebel heard he still wears. Once more the Communists, in their search for power, had found someone to hang onto.

**The Hour Is Coming.** Blas Roca was ready with his apparatus, and with his made-in-Moscow policies. Now he offered both to Castro, who had defeated Batista but had not the vaguest idea how to run Cuba, or carry on his revolution.

Not to alarm Cubans, Castro loudly proclaimed that "this revolution is not Red, but olive green." Behind the scenes, Roca's men quietly took over indoctrination of the army, and set up the G-2 security force. The original 26th of July rebels, many of them anti-Batista and anti-Fanqui but Cuban nationalists all the way, bitterly protested the intrusion. In October 1959, a bearded leader of Castro's rebel army, Huber Matos, resigned, saying that "the hour is coming when anyone who does not commune with Communism has to leave or be accused of being a traitor." Castro had him arrested on charges of treason and sentenced to 20 years in jail.

bitterly that the revolution was "like a watermelon, green outside and Red inside."

Before long it was Red outside as well. Raúl Castro, and Che Guevara visited Moscow, but in doing so obviously contributed to Khrushchev's uneasy feeling that there was a decidedly amateurish quality to the new Cuban Marxists. While Castro could be used, he was dangerously eccentric, and while he proclaimed his socialism, he gave socialists everywhere a black eye by ruining Cuba's economy. Last August, as the economic slide steepened, Castro hastened to "confess I was one of the promoters of projects that were not planned." The next month, Castro Puppet President Dorticos and Roca were in Moscow together. Dorticos was received cordially, and went home before the 22nd Party Congress. Roca stayed on for the congress, and for more Moscow coaching.

**Something Up.** When Roca got back to Cuba, the Communists started moving in at an accelerated pace. Castro an-



nounced himself "Marxist-Leninist." He accepted "collective leadership," and insisted that he had "never aspired to be a Caesar." Talk went around that the new directorate of the O.R.I. (Integrated Revolutionary Organizations), the planning group formed to make the transition to a single ruling Communist Party for Cuba, would consist of seven men, weighted in favor of Roca. Then, Castro was removed from the presidency of the National Agrarian Reform Institute and replaced by Roca's man, the bearded Carlos Rafael Rodriguez.

This winter it was plain that something was up. Rumors raced through Havana that Castro had been overheard in a restaurant cursing the old-line Communists, that Castro had sounded out a Latin American government (the whisper had it as Brazil) about the chances of asylum. On Feb. 4, Castro, whose monumental ego keeps him constantly before the public, dropped out of sight for 23 days. Word spread that he was being shoved aside. But Castro was holed up on Che Guevara's farm outside Havana, getting ready to give battle to Roca and the old Reds.

On his return, he expanded the O.R.I. directorate to 25 members, consisting of 15 of his own men, only ten of Roca's old guard. At the top of O.R.I., there would now be a five-man secretariat headed by himself; Roca, listed No. 5, was the only old Communist named. Cuba would now have a Vice Premier to take over in case anything happened to the Maximum Leader himself; he would be Raúl Castro, Fidel's brother. Then Castro went on TV to denounce the Reds and reassert his own leadership. He could not lambaste Roca (he was too strong), but he lashed out at Roca's lieutenant, Anibal Escalante, purged him from O.R.I. and drove him into exile in Czechoslovakia. Blas Roca himself dropped out of sight on an "inspection tour" of the provinces. Mos-

cow pondered two weeks, then in a *Pravda* editorial proclaimed that Castro had been justified.

**Spurt Up, Trend Down.** In any struggle for power between Castro and the Communists, each side has strengths and weaknesses, and very likely there is currently an unsentimental and unresolved alliance. Castro's blunders and the hardships that have resulted have undoubtedly tarnished his hero's image. But he alone still has the charismatic name, the voice, the face, the popular appeal. For their part, the professional Reds have the organizational techniques, the indoctrination textbooks, and a more patient spirit (Roca wanted Castro to lay off the Catholic Church longer, and not to alienate prematurely the technicians needed for the first round of the takeover). Communists are more practical planners, even if they manage to botch up agriculture wherever they are. Mother Russia now controls Cuba's imports, and its purse strings, too. In the beginning, the Kremlin may have wanted only to use Castro without being stuck with him. But now it has a \$750 million investment in Cuba, and as Castro fervently wraps his arms around Marxism, Soviet prestige before the world is deeply involved.

At present, each side has need of the other, but it is a precarious equilibrium, and neither can leave it at that. "If I were plotting a fever chart I'd give Fidel's line a short spurt upward, but surely the trend must point down," says a foreign diplomat in Havana. Working in Roca's favor, say the experts, is the massive indoctrination that has brought 60,000 young Cubans from the countryside to fill expropriated Havana mansions. By day, they learn a trade; by night they learn a Roca brand of Communist discipline. "One day," says a diplomat, "Fidel will have to face all those he has sent to school. He is not likely to shake off the Communists now. More than ever he is surrounded by the personnel of the party. If the Communists keep

quiet, prod a little here and there, and offer adulation, eventually they will grab away the real power."

**Wither on the Vine.** Looking on, the U.S., exactly a year after the Bay of Pigs, is following a conspicuous game of "look, no hands." The Kennedy Administration, once burned on Cuba, puts little faith in the wishful theories that Castro might be helped in his fight with the Communists, or converted into a Caribbean Tito. Maverick expeditions to Castroland from Florida are headed off; the exile counter-plotters have dispersed—the CIA seeks them out occasionally to see what they are up to, but offers no real help. A few two- and three-man CIA expeditions land in Cuba to bury containers of weapons for possible future use. Small-scale guerrilla hands fight and die in Cuba without U.S. help.

But all the emphasis is on letting Castro wither on the vine, while other Latino nations are helped through the Alliance for Progress. The U.S.-imposed economic embargo and the U.S. diplomatic offensive to isolate Cuba from the rest of the hemisphere have had some effects. But it is Castro's own violent behavior more than U.S. propaganda that turns the hemisphere from him, and it is Cuban mismanagement more than U.S. starving-out that is wrecking the economy.

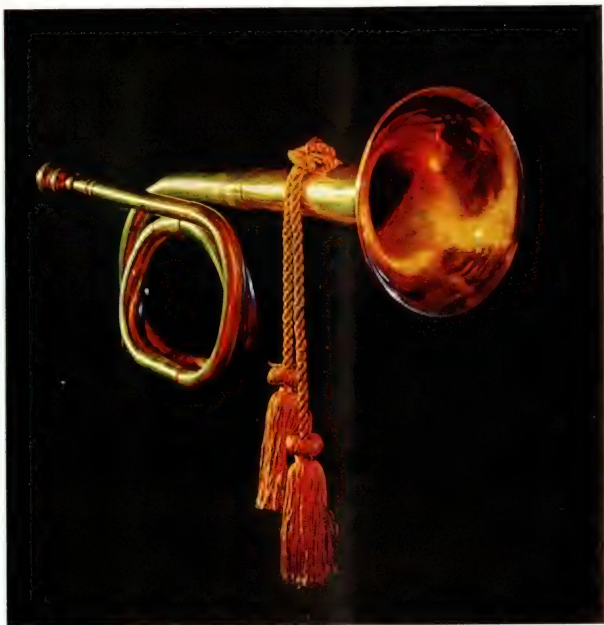
The desperate turns a disheartened Cuba may take are many. The Bay of Pigs invasion did Castro the invaluable favor—so essential in fastening a dictatorship on a people—of convincing the discontented that resistance is futile. Most of the diplomats and foreign journalists in Havana (who can no longer count on the frankness of those they talk to) see little chance of a popular revolt, and sense that, though greatly diminished, the reservoir of idealism and expectancy that Castro began with still exists among many *campesinos*. The better-off who wish to leave still crowd the Pan Am and KLM flights at the rate of 2,000 a week, having been compelled to leave all their money behind. Like Communists everywhere, those in Cuba may not know how to run an economy or make the public happy, but they know how to hold control. A likelier possibility is a fallout among the factions who govern, and it is a U.S. worry that when it suits the Communists, Castro might be found murdered with a U.S. pistol lying near by. The same thought must trouble Castro, for he no longer moves around freely, unattended. Already assassination attempts have been reported against Brother Raúl.

For the present, old-line Communists still need Castro, must do him homage and dare not switch off his loudspeaker. Perhaps they are not yet prepared to inherit the mess. But another realignment of leadership seems inevitable, and much of the betting favors increased power for Blas Roca, Rodriguez & Co. For Cuba, the melancholy prospect is of continued hardship and little hope of freedom or improvement. In which case, men of cunning and mettle have the best chance of survival. Blas Roca, the Rock, figures on being firmly in place.



"VOLUNTEERS" HARVESTING SUGAR CANE

Almost always, the end of the food comes before the end of the line.



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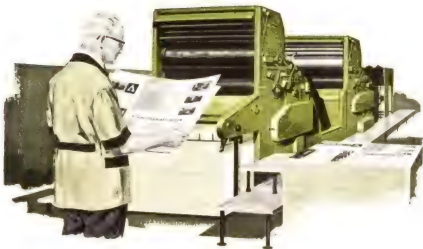
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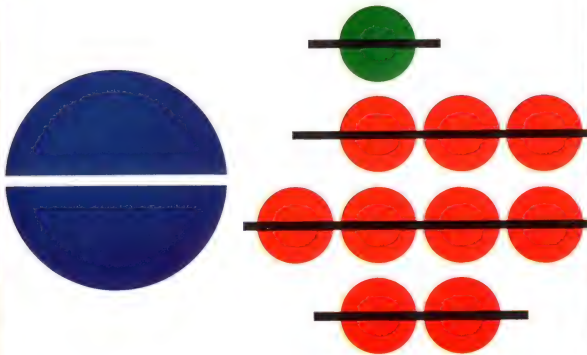
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## CANADA

### Date in June

Few suitors had ever waited so long to name the date. Last week, having flirted with an election since last June, Conservative Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, 66, finally declared his intentions. On June 18, Canada's 9,800,000 voters will go to the polls to decide whether to renew Diefenbaker's mandate or return to office what the opposition calls the "Liberal Team" led by onetime External Affairs Secretary Lester B. ("Mike")

CARLTON KENNEDY / GLOBE PHOTOS



DIEFENBAKER

Some debatable eggs ...

Pearson, 65—or possibly give neither a clear majority in what is starting off as the tightest Canadian election race this century.

Everyone in Ottawa's House of Commons knew roughly what to expect when the Prime Minister rose for his announcement. Elected in 1958 with the largest parliamentary majority in Canadian history, Diefenbaker still had eleven months to go in his five-year term, though it is never prudent to go to the country at the last moment. He would really have preferred to delay the election until September, he said, but the Liberals' "delaying tactics and obstruction" had made it "almost impossible to proceed with the business of the House." Thus, Diefenbaker explained blandly, "the only course" open to him was to seek dissolution of Parliament and call an immediate election.

**Better June than Later.** The P.M.'s complaint that Pearson's 51 Liberals managed to block the Tories' massive majority of 203 M.P.s fell rather lamely; the more so since Tory strategists had every reason to prefer June to September. The Tories recently boosted old-age pensions by \$10 a month, and this gift was likely to be fresher in mind. Western farmers, grateful to the Tories for selling out \$228 million in surplus grain to Red China, are in a better mood now than they are apt to be after the summer's expected drought. And by fall, if Britain joins the European Common Market, Canada may lose its low Commonwealth tariffs on its \$900 million exports to Britain, bringing trouble to Canadian export industries.

More important catchcrises than a dusty wrangle over the Liberals' parliamentary tactics should provide the stuff of the campaign. Probably not since Canada re-

ROBERT FARMER / GLOBE PHOTOS



PEARSON

... in Red baskets.

jected reciprocity with the U.S. in the election of 1911 ("No truck nor trade with the Yankees!") have more fundamental uncertainties clouded Canada's future—including the vital questions raised by Britain's move to throw in its lot with Europe, a thorny debate over whether Canada should accept U.S. nuclear arms, and the continuing Canadian quandary over the pervasive commercial and cultural influence of the U.S. At home, a basic economic imbalance has slowed Canada's growth rate to less than 1%, while chronic unemployment has averaged 6.8% of the labor force since 1957.

**Time for Better Men.** The Liberals' Pearson pronounced himself "delighted" with the June date and got off the first blows in a last Commons blast. Pearson judged Canada's affairs to be "in a morass from which the government is unable to retreat with grace or emerge with credit," went on to strum the two themes that the Liberals intend to stress on the hustings: that the Tories have shown themselves unable to cope with "economic stagnation" at home, and are answerable for a decline in Canada's prestige abroad. Recalling that the Tories once thundered against the pre-1957 Liberal regime for putting too many of Canada's trading eggs in one basket, Pearson snapped: "The only new baskets of any significance which have been developed are Red China and Cuba."

At the Gallup poll's last precampaign sounding, the Liberals (who ruled Canada for 22 years from 1935 to 1957) narrowly lead the Tories by 43% to 38% among voters who have made up their minds. A more important figure is the 31% undecided. In such a circumstance, two minority parties, the farm-labor New Democratic (11%) and Social Credit (8%), may pull enough votes to deny either Tories or Liberals a clear majority of the Commons' 264 seats. Either way the Tory majority will probably be substantially cut. Diefenbaker and Pearson are both in good health for the campaign; both talk as if they expect to win. Pearson, a Nobel prizewinner, is much respected, but Diefenbaker, though his popularity has fallen off, is considered a better down-to-earth campaigner. The closeness of the race means that the give-and-take of campaigning will have a lot to do with the final judgment.

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## PEOPLE

Though it may seem like it at times, Rome, after all, is not Hollywood—a fact that Cinematress **Sophia Loren**, 37, rudely learned last week. Scheduled to receive her Academy Award Oscar for *Two Women* at a black-tie do in Rome, Sophia was snubbed by some of Italy's foremost politicians, and the affair had to be canceled. Left-Wing Socialist Pietro Nenni unhappy that Sophia's sister married a Mussolini, sent his regrets; Entertainment Minister Alberto Folchi, aware that Sophia is living in sin with Producer Carlo Ponti (since bigamy charges brought against Ponti forced them to disavow their 1957 marriage early this year), developed a diplomatic cold. Finally, 1961's best actress had to accept her Oscar at a small reception in her own apartment. "I didn't expect a state reception," said she, "but I had hoped to be honored as an Italian receiving a high international prize."

"I have been crying for joy," said Mrs. **Barbara Powers**, 37, when Moscow released her husband Francis Gary Powers after a 21-month imprisonment for his U-2 spy flight. Last week, two months after resuming her eight-year marriage (no children), raven-haired Barbara Powers swallowed 28 Nembutal sleeping pills—a near fatal dose—and lay unconscious for several hours in Washington's Georgetown University Hospital before she was removed from the danger list.

Turning up at West Point for a two-day visit, Nobel prize-winning Novelist **William Faulkner**, 64, confessed himself "pleasantly astounded" at the sharpness of the G.I. types. At Princeton and the University of Virginia, said he, the queries had been "a little soft," but the cadets

having boned up on *The Hamlet* and *Light in August* for days past, were "up for the meeting. Is a writer ever satisfied?" asked one. If he is, replied Faulkner, he should "cut his throat and quit." Which of his books was his favorite? *The Sound and the Fury*, because, like a crippled child, it caused him the most grief. Unaccountably Faulkner drew the greatest applause when, to a question on nationalism, he replied: "If the spirit of nationalism gets into literature, it stops being literature."

Thirty-six years after he started out as a sidewalk sweeper for the St. Louis Zoo, **R. Marlin Perkins**, 57, onetime moderator of NBC-TV's popular *Zoo Parade*, goes back on Oct. 1 as its \$27,500-a-year boss. A herpetologist who once missed a TV show because a rattler bit



PERKINS & REUNITE THE BOA  
Rehearsally listen.

him on the hand during rehearsal. Perkins has directed Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo since 1944, accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary in a fruitless Himalayan hunt for the Abominable Snowman in 1960. St. Louis should prove almost as lively. Among the charges passed on by retiring (after 40 years) Zoo Director George P. Vierheller, 70: a troupe of dancing elephants, a joint lion-tiger-leopard training act, and Mr. Moke, the talking chimp (complete vocabulary: "mamma" and "no").

Convinced that nuclear war is "an even greater fear than despotism," Cellist **Pablo Casals**, 85, last week launched in San Francisco what he describes as a two-year, worldwide "personal crusade for peace." Taking up the baton for his first public concert in the U.S. in 34 years,

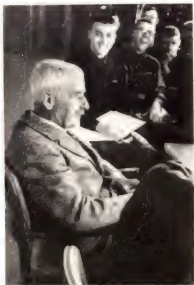


CASALS IN SAN FRANCISCO  
Peacefully convinced.

Casals conducted his own *El Pescador* (*The Manger*), a Christmas oratorio that he first swore would not be performed until the occasion of Francisco Franco's downfall (it had its premiere at Acapulco, Mexico, in 1960). Proceeds from the tour, which may carry him as far as Moscow and Prague, will be "dedicated to the preservation of human dignity, love and fraternity."

As the only woman president in the history of Poughkeepsie's 101-year-old college for young women, Vassar's energetic **Sarah Gibson Blanding**, 63, has since her arrival in 1946 nearly tripled endowment (to \$43 million), doubled professors' salaries (to a median of \$9,000) and boosted annual gifts 17-fold (to \$1,430,310 in 1961). Last week Vassar's trustees, only too well aware that they will not find another administrator like her in a hurry, announced that they were already hunting for her replacement, a good two years before her mandatory retirement in 1964.

Joining the affluent society as a lawyer and best-selling author with an income estimated at \$250,000, **Richard M. Nixon** moved into a \$145,000 Beverly Hills ranch house with a swimming pool, three fireplaces, four bedrooms, six baths, and Groucho Marx for a neighbor. Established in his new domain, the ex-Vice-President even had a sly gag about just missing out on a roomier, rent-free setup across the country. As Presidential Aide Ted Sorensen told it last week, he met Nixon at a recent Junior Chamber of Commerce luncheon, and the conversation came around to J.F.K.'s inaugural address. "I wish I had said some of those things," commented Nixon. "What part?" asked Speechwriter Sorensen, swelling



FAULKNER & CAMEOS  
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War and Peace: Henry V.



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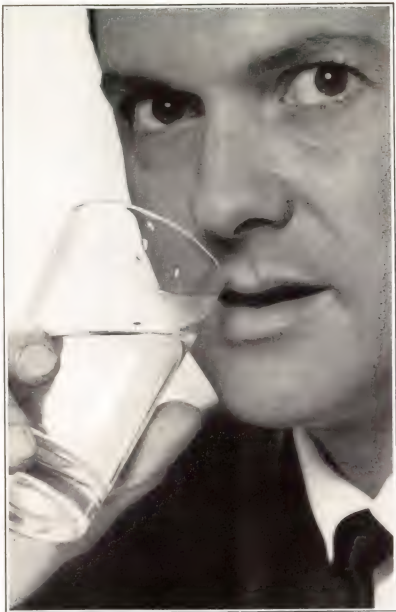
*only car you can buy with the engine moved far forward over the wheels, to give you greater stability, easier steering and no big hump in the front floor.*

Many automotive writers—and several thousand owners—are calling this 1962 Buick the best quality car ever to bear this famous name. That's quite a statement and will surely make this Buick a prize possession even for its second and third owners.

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# BUICK

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with pride—"that part about 'Ask not what your country can do for you . . . ?'" "No," deadpanned Nixon. "The part that starts, 'I do solemnly swear . . .'"

When his wife Mary impulsively bought an \$8,400 gold bed in London (*TIME*, April 6), Ghana's Minister of Industries **Krobo** ("Crowbar") **Edusei** flew off the handle. Such luxury was just "not socialism," cried he. Nor was it what President Kwame Nkrumah meant when he ordered government officials to "set our own house in order." Piqued by the purchase, Ghana's newspapers began examining Crowbar's living conditions, discovered that he had set no fewer than five houses in order, among them a three-story pad outside Accra, which cost some \$200,000, with swimming pool, marble mosaics and a fountain. To Nkrumah, who recently spent \$1,000,000 to face-lift his 120-room palace, such high life was too much. Last week, he crowbarred Crowbar from his Cabinet.

Photographers' stools clattered to the floor, women screamed, and Japan's pocket *paparazzi* crawled all over one another for a better shot. In the eye of the storm at Tokyo International Airport, the dapper figure stood unflinched, not even clenching a tiny fist. "Too much has been written about me being difficult and obstinate," crooned a newly mellow **Frank Sinatra**, 46, on the first stop in a two-month world tour to raise money for children's charities. "There's no new Sinatra. The difficulty has been on the other side." To prove it, Frankie actually chatted amiably with "the other side"—newspapermen—explaining that he was making the trip because, "as an overprivileged adult, I would like to help underprivileged children."

Beyond the age when most women mark even one birthday, Britain's **Queen Elizabeth** cheerfully celebrates two each year. Last week, with peripatetic Prince Philip back at anchor and her three children at her side, the Queen held a quiet family party at Windsor Castle on the occasion of her 36th birthday. The pomp and pageantry come on June 2, official birthday of British monarchs.

Laid low by a lump in his neck, ebullient Comic **Jackie Gleason**, 46, underwent surgery in Manhattan last week, rebounded with rotund resiliency and was soon eating and talking and eating.

Having zipped over the U.S. at 17,750 m.p.h. during his 17-orbit spin last August, Soviet Cosmonaut Major **Gherman Titov**, decided it was time for a more leisurely look. Titov, whose 25-hr. 18-min. flight remains the world's record, requested a visa to attend an international space conference that opens in Washington next week. There he may get to meet a fellow space traveler, who is scheduled to talk about his own three-orbit flight: U.S. Astronaut Lieut. Colonel **John H. Glenn Jr.**



NEW ORLEANS' PICKET & PILGRIMS?  
Expressing a profound turn of events.

## RELIGION

able church doctrine that segregation, in schools and churches, is against the law of God. Yet most Catholic priests and laymen, like Southerners of all faiths, have been brought up to believe in segregation.

It has fallen to Rummel, in his old age, to make the key decision. Born in Baden, Germany, Rummel grew up in the *Gemütlichkeit* atmosphere of Manhattan's Yorkville district, and served in a number of New York City parishes, including one in Harlem, after his ordination in 1902. Named Bishop of Omaha in 1928, Rummel seven years later was appointed Archbishop of New Orleans, which boasts the largest Roman Catholic population (654,000) of any city in the Deep South.

Rummel applauded the 1954 Supreme Court decision that outlawed segregation in public schools, and began to nudge his reluctant flock toward accepting segregation as "morally wrong and sinful." He eliminated "whites only" pews in New Orleans' churches in 1953, and two years later shut down a church whose white parishioners objected to the assignment of a Negro priest. Yet, despite the example of Joseph Cardinal Ritter, who began to integrate Catholic education in St. Louis in 1947, Rummel made no real effort to bring his own parochial schools into compliance.

For one reason, racism runs stronger in New Orleans than in St. Louis. For another, Rummel's health has long been failing besides suffering from glaucoma, he nearly died in 1960 of pneumonia, after a fall in which he broke an arm and a leg. But now New Orleans' public schools have been integrated, in token fashion, for more than a year, and last month Rummel ordered that the city's Catholic schools, which enroll almost half of New Orleans' white students, be completely desegregated in September. Privately, many Catholics credit Rummel's stiff stand to the influence of brisk new Co-Adjutor Archbishop

© The "hot oil" line on the sign refers to gossip that Rummel or the archdiocese owned stock in a company that produces oil in excess of "allowables" the officially authorized production limit.



MAKING PLEA TO RUMMEL

John Patrick Cody, 54, formerly of Kansas City, who recently returned to New Orleans from a visit with Pope John.

**Genesis 21.** Whatever their feelings, most of New Orleans' Catholics swallowed the order in silence. Not so Una Gaillot. The wife of a factory clerk and the head of a small racist outfit called Save Our Nation, Inc., she has two sons attending a Catholic high school, and holds an unshakable conviction that racial integration is a sin against God. She helped set up the picket lines around Rummel's residence, issued a flurry of mimeographed essays arguing that segregation is authorized in the Bible. One scriptural text she cited was *Genesis 21*, which describes how Sara asks Abraham to cast out from his house the Egyptian concubine Hagar, whose son "shall not be heir with my son Isaac." On the assumption that no Egyptian can be white, Mrs. Gaillot argues that this passage "surely must mean no playing together in school." Biblical scholars dismiss her interpretation of this and other texts as ridiculously narrow-minded.

Rummel sent letters warning some of his segregationist parishioners against further protest; last week, as the complaints and picketing continued, he recognized that his decision to desegregate, if it was to mean anything, required stern enforcement. Along with Mrs. Gaillot, he formally excommunicated Leader Perez, 70, political boss of nearby Plaquemines



MRS. GAILLOT KNEELING

## The Archbishop Stands Firm

In the garden of the archbishop's residence in New Orleans, a group of Roman Catholic women chatted and fingered their rosaries, waiting for the Most Reverend Joseph Francis Rummel, 55, to lead them on a Holy Week pilgrimage of prayer to the city's shrines. They studiously tried to ignore women pickets protesting the archbishop's excommunication the day before of three Roman Catholics who had opposed his decision to desegregate the city's Catholic schools.

Suddenly, as Rummel appeared, a distraught, dark-haired woman flung herself through the gathering and fell on her knees before him. "I ask your blessing," cried Mrs. Bernard J. Gaillot, 41, one of the three who had been named in the excommunication order. "But I am not apologizing. Look up to heaven and admit that you know it's God's law to segregate. Don't listen to Satan, listen to God." Startled, Rummel said nothing, and Mrs. Gaillot was led away by some of the women pilgrims. "May God have mercy on you!" she said to the archbishop as she rose from her knees.

**Profession & Practice.** That brief encounter between a Catholic woman and her archbishop expressed a profound turn of events in the South: the Catholic Church is finally resolving the contradiction between its profession and its practice in racial segregation. It is unmistak-



Parish, and Jackson Ricau, 44, executive director of South Louisiana's Citizens Council. Although hundreds of Roman Catholics are technically excommunicated each year for such sins as marrying before a non-Catholic minister or joining the Masons, the penalty is seldom imposed these days upon specific, publicly named individuals unless the offense is of the stature of heresy. Until they confess their error, the three may not participate in the sacraments or in public worship, although they may enter churches and share in private prayers.

The excommunicants professed to be shocked by the order. Politician Perez, who had earlier urged parishioners to pay back the archbishop by withholding dollars from Sunday collections, insisted that he was still a Catholic—"regardless of Communist infiltration and the influence of the National Conference of Christians and Jews upon our church leaders." Mrs. Gaillot insisted that she would take the matter to the Pope himself. But there was small chance of a hearing in Rome. Both the Vatican and the apostolic delegate in Washington said they would refer her complaints right back to New Orleans' spiritual leader; and *L'Osservatore Romano*, quite obviously reflecting the views of the Holy See, praised Rummel's actions as "admirable."

## Dying Revival

The end of the nation's postwar religious revival may be in sight, says the Gallup poll. Five years ago, according to Gallup's figures, 69% of the nation's adults thought that religion was increasing its influence; now only 45% think so. During the same period, the proportion of those who believe that church influence is declining has risen from 14% to 31%. Gallup also reports a drop-off in church attendance after 15 years of a steady rise. In 1958 his pollsters found that 49% of U.S. adults attended services on a typical Sunday; last year's figure was 47%.

## A Seminary's 150 Years

"We want to be on the frontier of theological thought," says James I. McCord, president of the Princeton Theological Seminary. "We want to discuss the major issues confronting Christendom. We want a campus with sufficient openness that the whole church can converse with it."

Beginning this week, the better part of Protestant Christianity in the U.S. will be conversing with—and congratulating—Princeton Theological. The oldest, biggest and best of Presbyterian divinity schools is starting a 14-month celebration of its 150th anniversary. The most notable parishioner of Gettysburg's Presbyterian Church, Dwight Eisenhower, is honorary chairman of the celebration. Among the many churchmen who have agreed to lecture at Princeton in the coming months are such famed non-Presbyterians as Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, president of the United Lutheran Church in America, Willem A. Visser 't Hooft, General Secretary of the World Council of Churches, and Swiss Theologian Karl Barth.

Princeton Theological has been histori-



McCord at Princeton Theological.  
Boring in on the major issues.

cally tied to the varying fortunes of its founding body: the Presbyterian Church. Nearly a third of the graduates from the Presbyterian-run College of New Jersey at Princeton, which was founded in 1746, entered the ministry during the 18th century. But even then churchmen detected the growth of godlessness on the campus. In 1812, responding to such fears, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church set up a seminary "to provide for the Church an adequate supply and succession of able and faithful ministers of the New Testament; workmen that need not be ashamed, being qualified rightly to divide the word of truth." Though its 14 neat yellow-grey stone buildings are located next door to the Princeton campus, the seminary has always been independent of the university.

The new seminary reflected the orthodoxy of its early teachers. The first professor hired, Dr. Archibald Alexander, was a strict, commonsensical Calvinist who believed that God's truth in the Bible was like a seal and "the human heart was like wax that receives the imprint of the seal." Another early teacher, Samuel Miller, endlessly lectured students on such matters of etiquette as why they should not spit tobacco juice on the carpet. "I have known a few tobacco chewers in whom this habit had reached such a degree of concentrated virulence," he wrote, "that they even compelled persons of delicate feelings, especially females, to leave the room, or the pew, and retire in haste to avoid sickness of stomach."

**A Missionary Theology.** Princeton Theological's dominant figure during his 56 years (1812-78) there was Systematic Theologian Charles Hodge. He had a deep interest in mission work; hundreds of seminary graduates were inspired to carry the Gospel overseas as a result of his Sunday-afternoon seminars on the missionary challenge. "At its best," says President McCord, "Princeton's was a

missionary theology—a theology that eventuates in action."

The seminary survived the faith-shaking fissures that divided Presbyterians during the 19th century, but was nearly torn asunder by a 20th century battle between moderate and ultraconservative theologians. During the '20s, faculty moderates wished to give a hearing to theologians who were not bound to a literal interpretation of the Bible: conservatives, led by Dr. J. Gresham Machen, argued that such deviationist views should not be allowed on campus. Separate services were held by the rival faculty factions, which fought for the allegiance of the student body. Eventually, the Presbyterian General Assembly had to step in to resolve the quarrel, and in 1929, many of the conservatives quit to form the new Westminster Theological Seminary in Philadelphia.

The man who put Princeton back on the theological map was Scotland-born John Alexander Mackay (rhymes with high), seminary president from 1936 to 1959. Although conservative, he was open to new trends in the church, brought in as lecturers such famed theologians as Emil Brunner of Zurich. "Mackay brought real excitement to the faculty," says Eugene Carson Blake, the Stated Clerk of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S. Mackay also doubled both the seminary's enrollment and its endowment, started the school's first doctoral program, founded the lively highbrow quarterly, *Theology Today*.

**Calls to Ministry.** Mackay's work has been handsomely carried on by President McCord, 42, a jowly Texan who manages to be both a respected theologian and a top-drawer administrator. He himself teaches two courses—and is famed among students for his gestures: "the punt" (cupped hands suggesting firmness) and "peeling the cabbage" (when he appears to chop ideas from his head). He has strengthened an already good faculty by adding such scholars as Old Testament Expert James Barr of the University of Edinburgh and Pastoral Psychologist Seward Hiltner of the University of Chicago, brought in language machines to speed student learning of Hebrew and Greek. Most of the seminary's 445 students are still Presbyterians. McCord is delighted that the majority plan to enter the pastoral ministry rather than seek a career in scholarship. Says he: "I've never seen a stronger motivation to service."

Because of its close ties to the Presbyterian Church, Princeton Theological has never had the international impact of such formidable nondenominational institutions as Harvard's Divinity School or Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary. But the great independent schools, McCord believes, have never been able to affect any single church the way Princeton has. Graduates of the seminary have founded seven other Presbyterian divinity schools; 60 former students have served as moderators of their church. Says Presbyterian Blake: "Our church has been the reflection of the Princeton Seminary all through its years—both its strengths and its weaknesses. It has had a massive influence."

## This gray line

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## This black dot

represents the thrust of United Aircraft Research Laboratories' new oscillating-electron ion engine for space exploration. Its power is puny compared to that of the mighty jet. But, in frictionless space, this electrical propulsion system uses tiny amounts of fuel to move payloads as large

as jetliners—at much higher speeds. Now under development for the Air Force, this ion engine may be the dependable, continuously acting force needed for journeys across space.



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BRANCUSI IN HIS STUDIO: 50 YEARS OF INDIFFERENCE

## Sculptor's Revenge

For more than 50 years, the Rumanian-born Sculptor Constantin Brancusi lived in Paris—and for more than 50 years, Paris studiously ignored him. He lived in a studio-shack among a cluster of crumbling shanties in the Impasse Ronsin, a coal-begrimed dead-end street in Montparnasse inhabited by struggling artists. With each passing year he became more cantankerous, his beard more scraggly, his clothes more rumpled. He had his share of French visitors—but they were mostly adoring women, whom he would feed tiny onions coated with cheese. His buyers usually came from abroad. When he sent some sculpture to the Salon des Indépendants in 1920, it was rejected as phallic. In all the years that he worked in Paris, the National Museum of Modern Art bought only three of his works.

Brancusi's whole world was his studio, and his "children" were the soaring birds, the metal eggs, the highly polished "essences" that filled it. When the city threatened to tear down the studio to make room for a hospital, the old man in desperation promised to leave the National Museum of Modern Art his entire collection if only he could be left alone. Paris agreed—and left him alone more than ever. When the doctors finally told Brancusi that he would die unless he went to a hospital, he replied, "I shall wait for God here, in my studio." There, death claimed him in 1957 early in his 82nd year.

In his will, Brancusi had made one surprising stipulation in his bequest to the museum: his collection must be shown in an exact replica of his old studio. For five years the museum dragged its feet, and it was not until this month that the public could see the studio reproduced, at last, cracks and all. There were his rusting tools, the gleaming *Blond Negress*, the blocklike figures of the *Kiss*, various versions of the *Comb*, all looking like upside-down thunderbolts, and a wooden *King of Kings* resembling vases piled on top of

each other, topped by an egg. Each day Brancusi had caressed these pieces, and each night covered them with cloth.

"It is pure joy that I am giving you," Brancusi had said, but whether he intended to or not, he was also taking a subtle kind of revenge on those who had ignored him. Acknowledging his country's guilt, Critic Pierre Schneider wrote in *L'Express*: "In France officialdom has shown itself faithful to its old principle: too indifferent at the hour of discovery; too poor at the hour of consecration."

## Up from Goopiness

The taste of fame and the energizing sense of being the cause of controversy came to David Park only in the five years before his death in 1960. He was one of a number of painters who plunged into abstractionism and then returned to the figure—and his defection helped inspire a full-scale rebellion among painters around San Francisco. Dying of cancer at 49, he never fulfilled his own promise as an artist; yet his achievement was sufficient to make him one of the most significant U.S. painters of the 1950s.

Last week a Park retrospective opened at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., having originated at Manhattan's Staempfli Gallery and traveled to Boston and Nashville. Still ahead on its schedule—and new stops may be added—are the Oakland (Calif.) Art Museum, the University of Minnesota Gallery and the Krannert Art Museum at the University of Illinois. The show samples Park's early figurative works, his Picasso period, and finally the later paintings that have become his hallmark (see color). It is no fault of the organizers that, save for one, the abstractions are absent: Park destroyed all that he could get his hands on.

"Whats? Determine 'Hows.'" In 1929 Boston-bred David Park turned up in Berkeley, Calif., and except for a five-year teaching stint at Boston's Winsor School, he remained there for the rest of his life. For a while he was a stonecutter for a sculptor; he got through the Depres-

sion with the help of the WPA, worked as a factory hand during World War II, eventually landed a job at the California School of Fine Arts in San Francisco. It was there that Park experimented with abstract expressionism.

The arrival at the school of Clifford Still and later Mark Rothko were the catalysts in this conversion, but Park himself was already concerned with "big abstract ideals like vitality, energy, profundity, warmth." His own abstractions, as his friend, Painter Elmer Bischoff, describes them, were "goopy, sensuous arrangements of forms," but ironically, Park never found in goopiness the freedom that other artists did. Instead of losing himself in his work, he became overly concerned with style and technique. "I was artificially putting together forms," he said. And so, in 1950, Park painted a figurative picture called *Kids on Bikes*. "In immersing myself in subject matter," he said, "I have found that I paint with more intensity and that the 'hows' of painting are more inevitably determined by the 'whats.' I believe that my work has become freer of arbitrary mannerisms."

**People of Potential.** His subject matter was never more complex than that first picture: it was always the human figure swimming, boating, napping, walking. His people were rarely recognizable ("I like faces that are ambiguous"), and they often seemed blurred into their environment. In both *Bather and Ocean* and *Green Canoe*, flesh takes on the color of earth, the forest melts into water, and sky blends into sea. To some degree, a figure by Park, mute and thickly sculpted, can be seen simply as one more of nature's forms. But it is also the one form that is unpredictable and hence imbued with mystery. As Park put it, "I like to paint people who could do anything but don't—people of potential."

Soon after Park exhibited his *Kids on Bikes*, other painters followed his lead until there was a full-fledged San Francisco school of figurative artists. Since its members were refugees from abstraction, the school has too often been hailed for its negative side. Park did not wish to abolish abstraction; his only message was that it was not for everyone. "I believe," he said, "that we are living at a time that overemphasizes the need of newness."

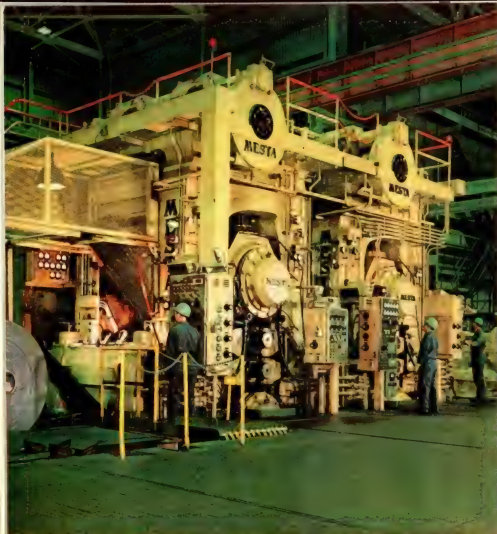


PAINTER PARK



THE LATE DAVID PARK, WHO PAINTED BOTH "BATHER AND OCEAN" AND "GREEN CANOE" IN 1958, WAS FOUNDER OF THE POST-ABSTRACTIONIST SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOL.





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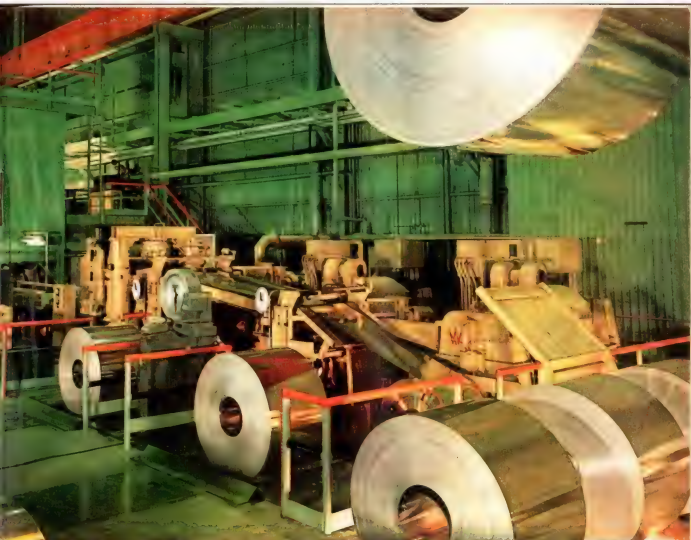


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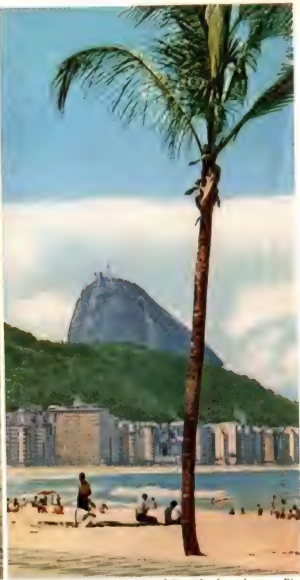
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## EDUCATION

### The Six Rs

In his latest apopemptic on U.S. education, mordant Robert M. Hutchins, former chancellor of the University of Chicago, is telling audiences: "We no longer have the three Rs in this country. Instead, we have the six Rs—remedial reading, remedial 'riting and remedial 'rithmetic."

### New Haven for Women

Whiffing and poofing, Yalermen heard last week that little ewes may some day stray into the college as undergraduates. "Yale has a national duty," said a faculty report, "to provide the rigorous training for women that we supply for men." Moreover, "women should not be admitted on a token basis but as a substantial proportion of each class." Old Blues turned purple at the report, although Yale already has 800 women graduate students. But not so New Blues. Asked how Yale's 3,910 undergraduates would view girls at the gates, one senior replied crisply: "I think they would be ecstatic."

Yale girls will have to be formidable students. Last week's report also urged tighter admission standards to make Yale more than ever a place where the best brains prepare for graduate training and professional—particularly academic—careers. Said the report: "Candidates whose records show exceptionally high promise of continuing intellectual achievement should be sought out and admitted without regard for any other criteria save those indicative of emotional maturity and good character. All other applicants for admission should be considered in the light of the fact that Yale is first and foremost an intellectual enterprise."

A bit to the northeast, women also got their due—or something close to it. When the Harvard Corporation in 1892 approved the launching of Radcliffe College, it cautiously raised an academic fence between the female annex and the Harvard Yard by resolving that "no Harvard A.B. be given to women." But creeping feminism has been the rule since 1943, when Clifflies and Harvard men began taking their classes together under Harvard professors. Last week the Corporation came to a logical conclusion: it voted to bestow Harvard degrees on Radcliffe graduates. Starting with the class of 1963, Radcliffe girls will at last become Harvard women.

### Meet Me in St. Louis

While Harvard's President (1860-1920) Charles W. Eliot won renown in Boston, his first cousin pioneered in St. Louis. The Rev. William Greenleaf Eliot, who had toiled in a post office dead-letter department before becoming a Unitarian minister, founded not only St. Louis' first Unitarian church and Washington University but also an influential family; among his grandsons is T.S. Eliot. Last week, fittingly enough, Washington University (full-time enrollment: 6,000)

named a Boston Eliot as its twelfth chancellor. He is Thomas Hopkinson Eliot, grandson of Charles W. and fifth cousin of Poet T.S.

A hearty, pipe-smoking man of 54, Cambridge-born Tom Eliot was never much of a proper Bostonian anyway. A son of Samuel A. Eliot, the famed Unitarian minister, he pronounced himself a Democrat at the age of ten. He alone voted for Woodrow Wilson in a class poll at Browne and Nichols School, and after earning a *magna cum laude* in government at Harvard in 1928 and a Harvard law degree in 1932, he enlisted in F.D.R.'s New Deal.\* As a Labor Department lawyer, Blueblood Democrat Eliot helped arbitrate the San Francisco general strike



WILLIAM G.



CHARLES W.



T.S.



THOMAS HOPKINSON ELIOT

Newest for name.

in 1934. As general counsel of the Social Security Board, he helped defend the Social Security Act before the Supreme Court. At 33, he was elected to Congress—only to lose after one term to Boston's James Michael Curley.

Lawyer Eliot went on to run the Office of War Information's British Division in London, later served on a special commission that pruned the overgrown state agencies of Massachusetts. In 1952, after lecturing on government at Harvard, he became chairman of Washington's political science department. A practical scholar ungraced by a Ph.D., he co-directed a \$300,000 study of St. Louis' urban problems, last year became dean of Washington's liberal arts college, and then a vice chancellor.

Chancellor Eliot is in the tradition of two admirable predecessors: the late Physicist Arthur H. Compton (1945-53),

\* His equally-unproper brother, City Planner Charles W. II, shocked purists in the 1930s by building a flat-topped house in Ipswich.

and Republican Lawyer Ethan A. H. Shepley (1954-60), now chairman of the board of directors. Both men gave Washington a name for academic freedom, added luster to its faculty and first-rate medical school. Eliot's job is to bring the main 165-acre campus up to the standards of the medical school, which has harbored nearly all of Washington's six Nobel prize-winners, gets much of the income from the university's \$100 million endowment. Eliot aims to boost faculty research, hold down enrollment to get better students. A good start has already been made. Washington's admission standards have risen sharply; its students come increasingly from all over the U.S. And, as a sign that sports will not compete with scholarship, the football team remains emphatically de-emphasized: it has lost its last 16 games.

### Beer & Blades

Outwardly stern and arrogant, inwardly trembling, the two lads stand face to face in a room that smells of beer, blood and disinfectant. Each is dressed in a padded leather torso jacket but except for steel-mesh goggles and nose-guard, the head is vulnerable. Now each lad lofts a yard-long rapier with blunt point but sharp edges. At the umpire's "Lot!" (go), they slash away—again, again, again—steel against steel for 15 minutes. The noise, astonishingly, is deafening. When steel slashes flesh, a doctor rushes in for repairs. Everyone happily retires to toast the prize: a fine *Schmiss*, or scar, the old Teutonic varsity letter.

Not since the 1930s has student swordplay been so fashionable in Germany.

About 40% of all male students at West Germany's 18 universities now belong to 800 fraternities, including about 480 that practice the dangerous art of "the sharp weapon."

Last month 15 of West Germany's most eminent professors rose in protest. Writing to every member of the Bundestag they urged the outlawing of an atavism that is "utterly incompatible with our contemporary conception of morals and ethics." The professors, including Nobel prizewinning Physicist Max Born, got nowhere. The Bundestag is laced with the *Alte Herren* (alumni) of dueling societies. Fumed one *Alter Herr*: "Don't talk about things you don't understand."

**Drunk & Livid.** Born in the late 18th century, dueling fraternities were originally aimed at preventing bloodshed between campus brawlers armed with pikes and daggers. As it turned out, they ritualized the violence. Setting rigid patterns of drinking and dueling, they became lodges of the most socially acceptable students. Each new member, called a fox, had to



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DUELERS IN STUTTGART  
A Schmiss is as good as a smile.

prove himself in at least two duels, and later fight a dozen or so bouts as a blooded brother. Cheek scars were so prized that men with minor abrasions inflamed them with pepper or beer, or by placing a horse-hair in the cut, and soberly got drunk on the theory that alcohol would make their scars more livid.

Today, the usual form of the fight is the *Mensch*, from the Latin for measure, in reference to the set distance between the swordsmen. Unlike a duel, the fighters are not responding to a challenge, and in fact may not even know each other. The *Mensch* also differs in the extensive safeguards aimed at preventing any killing. Nobody wins, nobody loses. The object is only to subdue *den inneren Schweinehund* (cowardice) by taking a slash with a pommel. Habitual finchers are booted out of the fraternity. "This is the way an elite has to be formed," explains one student at the University of Munich. He sees fraternities as a splendid antidote to the rootless "academic proletariat" at West German universities, "those unaffiliated students who behave like juvenile delinquents."

**Out of Africa.** The Schmiss mystique has survived all attempts to kill it. Hitler banned the most elite fraternities as potentially subversive. So did the Allies after World War II, but rescinded the rule under the impression that the institution had died. The *Alte Herren* soon reopened fraternity houses in the *Student Prince* tradition, paid for beer and blades, promised good jobs later, and hundreds of ill-housed students happily accepted. Today, West Germany has a whole new generation of highly placed *Alte Herren*.

The sight of students in the caps, ribbons and bandages of dueling fraternities sends a shiver up the spines of many Germans: the custom identifies so readily with *Wehrwillen*—the will to war. "These fools must be stopped," snaps one of the protesting professors. A less angry and even more telling criticism came recently from a Ghanaian student who discussed dueling on television. Pointing to his own

tribal-scarred face, the Ghanaian remarked: "This isn't done in Africa any more, and frankly I can't understand why you still do it to each other in civilized Germany. It's primitive."

### Consumers' Research

The quality of a college is no more scrutable than a new wife or a secondhand car, but consumers' research helps. Last week students at Trinity College (1,000 men) in Hartford, Conn., put out an exhaustive critique on the school, from architecture to public relations and professorial performance. They politely concluded that Episcopalian-founded (1823) Trinity is "one of the finest schools in the nation." But to "improve further," Trinity is in urgent need of correcting:

► A "mediocre" English department "burdened with 'dead wood' ripe for pruning."

► A music department with a generally poor curriculum.

► A fine-arts department chiefly concerned with "the education of the student for polite conversation."

► A generally lax easy-grading faculty that has trouble "communicating."

Taking a look at themselves, the critics found that the average Trinity student "makes few efforts to distinguish himself culturally." His extracurricular activities are "ludicrous and grotesque," and cheating on exams is "tacitly accepted." Typically, he "does not have any concept of what education involves, nor does he give any evidence of wanting to find out."

Music Professor Clarence Watters, whose department got the worst panning, called it "inconceivable that the administration should permit the publication of such a report." But Trinity's President Albert C. Jacobs promptly forwarded the document to his trustees, with a proud note on "the considerable maturity of those who wrote it."

◀ The Harvard-Crimson's annual "Food Guide" has analyzed Harvard professors for 30 years.



## THE PRESS

### After the Battle

"We never saw anything like it," said the *Wall Street Journal*, still in deep shock. "One of the country's steel companies announced it was going to try to get more money for its product. And promptly all hell busted loose. Mr. Kennedy had his victory. The President himself said all the people of the United States should be gratified. Around him there was joy unrestrained at this proof positive of how naked political power, ruthlessly used, could smash any private citizen who got in its way. If we had not seen it with our eyes and heard it with our own ears, we would not have been able to believe that in America it actually happened."

But it had happened. President Kennedy had slugged it out with steel and won. As the dust of battle lifted like smoke from an open-hearth furnace, the nation's press last week assigned itself the task of reckoning the casualties, the cost and, most importantly, the meaning of the fight.

**Tragic Blunder.** Many papers and columnists shared the *Wall Street Journal's* incredulous despair. "A warning to all Americans," editorialized the 86-year-old Nashville *Banner*, "that the day of Free Enterprise is drawing to a close. Khrushchev could be right when he said: 'Your grandchildren will live under Socialism.'"

In Los Angeles the conservative *Times* (circ. 548,792) saw in Kennedy's fighting mood "a reencarnation on an undreamed-of scale of Mussolini's corporate state."

Syndicated Columnist David Lawrence complained bitterly, day after day. Kennedy's move against steel, said Lawrence, was a "tragic blunder" that "had led the public into believing that price increases are sinful or unpatriotic." Lawrence had dark visions of "a recession that could conceivably become a deep depression." of a precipitate national decline into "quasi-Fascism," of the end of everything: "The only persons in the world who can truly derive satisfaction from President Kennedy's tragic performance are the advocates of state socialism—often a forerunner of Communism."

**Vague Threats.** In steel's very capital, the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* decided that the industry had "earned the President's charge of irresponsibility," but felt that the Kennedy Administration had gone to "disquieting lengths to bolster its case." The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* rebuked Kennedy for bringing Brother Bobby into the fight: "President Kennedy would have been wiser to have put some restraints on his zealous brother. We did not like at all Attorney General Kennedy's vague threats of criminal indictments against steel executives, and we did not like his vague threats of a divestiture suit to break up U.S. Steel."

Papers that from the beginning had applauded the presidential power play con-

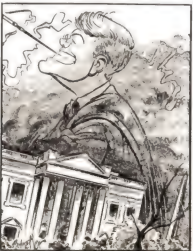


WILLIAM H. PETERSON

tinued for the most part to cheer: "a spectacular victory" (the *New York Times*, the *Baltimore Sun*); "a tremendous victory" (the *Hearstpapers*, the *Chicago Daily News*); "a gratifying day for the public" (the *Nashville Tennessean*); "a triumph for common sense" (the *Christian Science Monitor*). The *Sacramento Bee* hailed "a dramatic demonstration that Big Business no longer can say 'the public be damned' and get away with it." Wrote Editor James Wechsler in the liberal *New York Post*: "An episode in the decline of a corporate empire whose leadership had lost touch with reality."

"It was a sensational spat," said the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, as time wore on. "Now let's ditch the hatchets and pick up the tools of production." The *Tampa Tribune* proposed that "both Big Steel and Big Brothers cool off. The differences between them are not insurmountable and can better be settled by calm words than by big clubs."

That is what President Kennedy tried



BILL TAYLOR—DALLAS TIMES HERALD

to do in his press conference (see *THE NATION*), touching off a wave of conciliatory comment in the press. But for all the aura of reason, the Administration's clash with steel had hardened press attitudes on both sides of an emotional issue—an issue that would be a reference point on editorial pages for months to come.

### Truth over the Air

Made in Algiers, the recording reproduced with chilling immediacy the crackle of guns as French soldiers mowed down unarmed Europeans on Oran's streets, the moans of the wounded and dying, the desperate, unheeded cries of French officers commanding their troops to cease fire. Frenchmen heard these appalling sounds not on their government-owned radio and TV monopoly, RTF (for *Radiodiffusion Télévision Française*), but in broadcasts from an independent station headquartered in the tiny principality of Monaco. And by last week the infuriated French government itself had declared a war to the death on the bold interloper of the air.

The voice is that of Europe Number One, which went on the air five years ago with a commodity rare in France. Frenchmen get their news straight enough from the country's press—which is not government-owned and not particularly cowed by France's punitive press-control laws. But they get nothing of the sort from RTF, which is a glib and obedient government parrot. So biased—and so boring—are RTF's newscasts that its reporter teams are frequently hissed when they are recognized on Paris streets.

Under no obligation to please anyone but its audience, Europe Number One tries to stick to the facts. Time and again, its hard-driving news squads have scored impressive beats on RTF. In 1959 Europe Number One scooped RTF by six hours with on-the-scene recordings of the Fréjus Dam break. During last summer's peasant sitdown strike in Brittany, RTF prudently quoted *Le Figaro*, a Parisian daily that put the rosier possible complexion on the strike; Number One's mikes picked up, live, the protests of the Breton peasants themselves.

Europe Number One's audience has risen to 14 million—more than the combined audience of all four of RTF's radio stations in France. Goaded to fury, the French government has begun to close in. Buying through front men, it has cornered a 33½% block of the station's stock—second only to the 42½% still held by Europe Number One's proprietor, French Millionaire (transport) Sylvain Floirat.

Other pressures are being subtly applied. Rumors drift through the French press: that the government has threatened to cancel a handsome contract with the Louis Bréguet Aeronautical Works—which Floirat owns; that Monaco, which has a 5% stockholding in Europe Number One, has been urged to sell it to France. How long Europe Number One can endure the governmental siege is uncertain. But while it does, 14 million Frenchmen presumably will go on listening.

## MUSIC

### Imaginative Ears

"I am against tradition and habits in sex," says Italian Composer Luigi Nono. "I am against repetition every time you make love. I apply this also to my music."

Nono has applied his philosophy of nonrepetition so adroitly that, at 38, he is one of Europe's most respected avant-garde composers—and one of the hardest to classify. Although he dabbles in electronic music, he is not primarily a member of the electronic school; although he has written twelve-tone music, he is now convinced that "the twelve-tone serial no longer exists." Nono's greatest gift is for choral works—some of them so formidable that on paper, at least, they seem unsingable. But in the concert hall, they often emerge strong and compelling—as they did at the Venice Contemporary Music Festival last week in first-rate performances of two of Nono's newest and best works.

**Strange & Haunting.** In the 13-minute unaccompanied choral *Chorus of Dido*, Nono as usual used the voice as a musical instrument, at times calling upon performers to jump two octaves, insisting that consonants as well as vowels be stressed, introducing a kind of staccato syllabification that somehow managed not to obscure the text. What gave *Dido* its strange and haunting power was the deft balance of the vocal writing—so carefully calculated that all 32 choristers were able to sing together without destroying the work's flexible texture.

To achieve such balance, Composer Nono wrote at least one dynamic marking over every note and word in the score. His other work on the program, *She Has Come: Songs for Silvia* (a first birthday present to his daughter Silvia), had the

same wild leaps and a score instructing the soloists when to have their mouths wide open, when barely open, when closed. For all that, *She Has Come* was, like *Dido*, notable for its clarity and continuity. The crowd gave Nono an ovation.

**No Bombs.** Nono, who regards the voice as "the perfect instrument," is not worried about overburdening singers ("Only composers like Mascagni ruined voices—because they did not understand vocal problems"). Son of a wealthy Venetian engineer, Nono studied music and law simultaneously, was greatly influenced by the works of Composer Arnold Schoenberg—whose daughter, Nuria Schoenberg he later married. Now living in Venice, Nono turns out a steady two or three works a year, often calculating their complex connections in algebraic equations. Many of his themes deal with social protest. A forthcoming opera, on injustice, will deal with Russian and American bombs ("I am against all bombs"); a tone poem about Hiroshima will be introduced at Edinburgh this summer.

Nono either captures his audiences or enrages them. He rarely leaves them bored. Wrote the *London Times* in a thumbs-down review of another of his Venice concerts: "All this being said, there can be no doubt that Nono has two of the most imaginative ears for sound in the world."

### The Gingerbread Opera

French music critics and a large segment of the Parisian public have a favorite seasonal pastime: griping about the Paris Opera. The huge gingerbread palace at the head of the Avenue de l'Opéra, which Composer Claude Debussy referred to as "a Turkish bath," and Choreographer Serge Lifar as "a glorious cemetery," has traditionally offered more for the eye than the ear. But the embarrassed French Ministry of Cultural Affairs is out to change all that. Last week the administrator's silk-paneled office was being prepared for a new tenant: Modernist Composer Georges Auric. 63. For the first time in 30 years, Paris Opera buffs exulted, a musician was top man at the palace.

**Great for Guzzling.** Largest theatrical building in the world, the Paris Opera boasts a mirrored, marbled, gilt-encrusted interior so lavish that it had cost \$40 million by the time it was completed in 1875. During part of its long history, it has been a respectable, even an outstanding house: in it were staged world premières by most of the great names in French operatic history—Rameau, Auber, Bizet, Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, Gounod, Massenet. And it developed an early reputation for spectacular staging that it retains to this day, e.g., a production of Rameau's heroic ballet *Les Indes Galantes* in which a volcano erupts onstage, compressed air blows sponge rocks into the air, and a full-rigged ship sails into view and sinks beneath heaving canvas waves.

But for all its pomp-and-circumstantial



PARIS OPERA INTERIOR  
Some incidental music

splendor, and its whopping government subsidy (nearly \$3,000,000 this season) the Paris Opera has deteriorated sadly since World War II. Today it is mainly a tourist attraction: its audience comes to guzzle champagne at mammoth bars, and gaze on gala nights at the gold-and-silver-helmeted Gardes Républicains. The music is incidental.

**Bar for Cocktails.** Main reason for the decline is that the opera is a nationalized institution, notoriously overstaffed and burdened with a bureaucracy that threatens to strangle it. By government order two-thirds of the operas it presents must be French (which accounts in part for its flagrant neglect of Mozart, Wagner and most modern scores), and no more than 10% of its singers can be foreign. French choruses are still entitled to extra pay if required to sing in an alien tongue when there is a French version for the libretto. As a result, soloists and choruses sometimes sound off in something less than harmony; in a recent production of Verdi's *Masked Ball*, the chorus sang in French while the principals sang in Italian. To make matters worse, casts are often studded with the stagestruck female friends of politicians (one *petite amie* of a bureaucrat, noted *L'Express*, seemed "to prefer the cocktail to the exercise bar").

By union regulations, rehearsals are limited to a scanty three hours, and programs are usually decided upon only two weeks in advance, making it all but impossible to import famous, heavily booked stars. Nevertheless, New Opera Administrator Auric is guardedly optimistic. "I believe that we can approach the problem in a novel way," says he, "from the artistic point of view." Perhaps. But the Cultural Affairs Ministry also has plans to put a 13-member "administrative council" over Auric—possibly to insure that deserving *petites amies* will still get their turn at the bar.



COMPOSER NONO & FAMILY  
No repeats in love.



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## MODERN LIVING



SPACE NEEDLE RUBBERNECKERS  
No place for the chicken.

### FAIRS

#### Go West, Everybody

In the long tradition that world's fairs are opened by heads of state, President Kennedy last week pressed a golden key in Palm Beach that sparked the inaugural festivities of Seattle's Century 21 Exposition, the first world's fair to be held in the U.S. in more than 20 years. Amid the sound of cannon, whistles, sirens and church bells, the excited crowd at the opening ceremony was unaware that an Air Force jet fighter plane participating in a salute to the fair had crashed nearby. Before the fair is over, Seattle expects to play host to 10 million visitors who officials estimate will spend an average of \$4.10 each and fill the fair's coffers with \$40 to \$50 million.

If the opening was traditional, very little else about the Seattle world's fair was. Unlike the 1959 New York World's Fair and the upcoming one in New York it will last for only six months.\* Unlike the Brussels fair and the New York 1964 fair it is neither centrally located nor sponsored by a city widely known around the world; in their long struggle to win the fair, Seattle officials had to explain to many members of the Bureau of International Expositions that Seattle is not a part of Washington, D.C. As world's fairs go, Seattle's is compact and modest: it covers only 72 acres vs. Brussels' 500 and New York's projected 646. And *misalide dicta*, it was nearly 98% completed when

opened—a boast that few world's fairs have been able to make.

**Core of Sense.** Yet the Seattle fair, if not grandiose, is at least grand; it has a dignified, quiet beauty, a tidiness that will make it less tiresome than most world's fairs—and a core of common sense that reflects the Northwest's reluctance to waste its assets. When it closes on Oct. 31, most of its best features will remain to form a permanent \$50 million civic center. Says Fair President Joseph E. Gandy, a former auto dealer who has promoted the fair over some 1,000,000 miles from Puget Sound to Tokyo to Paris: "Eighty-five percent of every construction dollar has been permanently invested here. We felt it was economically immoral to spend the taxpayers' money and not have something of lasting value come out of it."

Seattle's legacy will include most of the fair's most dramatic buildings. There is the Space Needle, typifying the theme of "the world of Century 21"; a sort of Eiffel Tower dipped in concrete, its sheaf-of-wheat shape rises 608 ft. and makes it the tallest structure west of the Mississippi. The 35-acre Washington State Coliseum blessedly free of interior supports and decorative gimmicks, not only serves as one of the fair's chief display areas but will be used later for sports events (capacity: 20,000) and, Seattle hopes, national political conventions. A 3,000-seat opera house built in the shell of Seattle's grimy old civic auditorium and lined with cherrywood and Italian marble not only presents ballet and music to foreigners (last week's opening night gala had Igor Stravinsky, the Seattle Symphony and Van Cliburn) but will serve as a new Seattle music center.

The \$10 million U.S. Science Pavilion, which stands at the summit of the fair-ground's gently sloping site, is a buoyant crystalline stylization of the Alhambra (see color) with soaring arches of Gothic lacework and arcades of Moorish tracery. Covering an area larger than six football fields, it is the biggest exhibit based on a single theme ever assembled by government or private industry, will later be used for educational and scientific purposes. One of the fair's most spectacular features is its International Fountain, designed by two young Tokyo architects whose plan won a \$250,000 international competition last year. Sunk in a 100-ft. bowl of white crushed limestone, the fountainhead looks like a bristling World War II sea mine, shoots jets 120 ft. into the air, and presents 75-minute programs of changing shapes, colors and music. Also to be preserved after the fair: an 800-seat theater, a 5,000-seat arena for circuses and ice shows, a monorail transit system linking the whole fair-civic center to the heart of the city.

**Wonderland of Color.** But world's fairs are made of more than buildings, however distinguished, and Seattle's is a wonderland of color, movement, illusion and

eye-popping exhibits. Built a mile from the central business district on a plot of undeveloped land, it was planned to sit within a wall of buildings that shuts out the unpleasant surroundings. Space Needle visitors get an enchanting view of the city's lights at night, and by day a panorama ranging from America's Fuji—Mount Rainier—to the snow-capped Olympics rising beyond white-capped Puget Sound. Forty-eight governments have exhibits in the fair ranging from France's \$1,000,000 exhibit (a bargain by world's fair standards) to tiny San Marino's stamp and pottery show.

Among the most attractive features

► The fair's theme show, sponsored by the State of Washington, is its most sophisticated exhibit. A sort of Jean Cocteau fun house, it is a floating grotto of aluminum cubes that gives visitors a 30-minute visit to "a world already possible but not yet here." In a huge plastic sphere called a Bubblelator, 100 visitors at a time are lifted into the cubistic caverns above, there to shuffle through a labyrinth of 1,600 aluminum cubes, and be exposed by light, sound projection and three-dimensional devices to a dream-world tunnel of love that involves them "emotionally with the future's opportunities and challenges."

► In the Science Pavilion one show takes visitors, via the world's largest projection screen (spread over a planetarium-like dome), billions of light-years into intergalactic space and back, in a zooming journey through the stars and past flaming nebulae. Handrails support those dizzy by a flip around Saturn. Admits one fair official: "We might have to provide airsickness bags."

► The Space Needle, topped by an observation platform and a revolving restaurant, is bound to be the fair's most popular feature. Three elevator capsules with clear plastic fronts rocket visitors



UNREVOLVING WAITRESS  
No soup without a chart.

\* Unlike the 1964-65 New York World's Fair, the Century 21 Exposition will have no permanent structures. New York's, however, with neither L.I.E. (supposed) nor restrictions, is already planning a second run for 1970.





THEME OF SEATTLE WORLD'S FAIR is expressed in \$10 million Century 21 U.S. Science Pavilion, which houses five-part exhibition outlining role of man in search for truth

through science. Seattle-born Architect Minoru Yamasaki designed pavilion, used 100-ft.-high prestressed concrete arches, here seen across inner court, as distinguishing feature.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL J. H. EDDY



SCULPTURED WATER PLUMING UP 100 FEET IS PROGRAMMED BY ELECTRONIC CONSOLE COMBINING JETS, MUSIC AND COLORS.





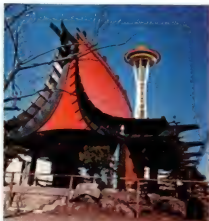
FAIR AT NIGHT GLITTERS AROUND 608-FT. SPACE NEEDLE, WITH COLISEUM AND SCIENCE PAVILION (RIGHT), FOUNTAIN (CENTER).





**GAY ROOF** bordering International Mall will cover exhibitions by Korea and India, two of the 48 foreign nations represented.

**PAGODA-SHAPED** building is central information booth with ten guides on duty daily during fair's hours, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.



**CROSS-TOPPED** spires mark the inter-Protestant Christian pavilion and child-care center.

**MONORAIL** LINKS FAIR WITH DOWNTOWN SEATTLE, CARRIES 400 PASSENGERS ON 1.2-MILE TRIP IN 90 SECONDS.



to the top so fast and so openly that fair officials joke about erecting a saloon at the needle's base called the Chicken-Out Inn. The dining spot above, called the Eye of the Needle, enables the visitor to watch the lakes and mountains glide by while he dines on such regional specialties as Dungeness crab, tiny, wild-flavored Olympia oysters, and grilled salmon steaks at \$6.75 table-d'hôte. Since the central core does not revolve, a waitress going into the kitchen for an order has to check an indicator on the wall that moves at the same speed as the dining room in order to locate customers who have orbited on in the meantime. Says Waitress Mary Ellen Harris: "Serving the soup is like catching the brass ring on a merry-go-round."

► The fair's fun-and-game area, or Gayway, does not measure up to the taste and imagination of Disneyland, but it has plenty to keep visitors busy. Among the attractions: a German roller coaster that makes sharp right-angle turns; a "Space Wirl" that features cars controlled by riders spinning wildly in several directions; an Italian sports-car race; and an "adults only" section that includes "Backstage U.S.A.," a LeRoy Prinz production in which ogleers have the illusion of walking through a show girls' dressing room. For such exhibits, the fair has primly admitted that "some undraping of the female form will be permitted."

► The science exhibit for children eight to twelve years old (even the low-slung staircases are built to discourage adults) is one of the fair's best shows. Here kids can poke their arms into plastic sleeves to see how heavy a grapefruit is on Mars, spin on a platform by tilting a giant gyroscope, make wave patterns in water tanks, and watch a 40,000-member ant colony go busily about its cut-away civic activities.

The fair has much, much more: the IBM building, with walls of living silver poplars, where kids must learn to think like computers to find their way out of a maze; NASA's floating, jewel-like weather satellites and full-size space-capsule mock-up (complete with a silver-suited astronaut); the Mexican Pavilion with walls of lava cubes and a startling, exquisitely crafted *assemblage* by Manuel Felguera; a fashion pavilion where haughty Vogue models perch on concrete lily pads in a 5,000-gallon perfumed pool. But those who take even samplings at the fair's food spots will probably be too stuffed to get to most of the exhibits. There are 70 eating places on the grounds, not counting an elaborate Food Circus with 60-odd food bars. Beefsteak sauté with button mushrooms, filet of sole Marguerite and crab Louis are nonchalantly dispensed by bill-cladding vending machines in 18 kiosks. Elsewhere, visitors may buy fish and chips, Mongolian steak, Belgian waffles, Cyrillic-alphabet soup from Yugoslavia, and Seattle scones.

Feeding the multitudes at Seattle is a simple matter compared with housing them. The howls of local citizens evicted



from apartments to make room for visitors have been loud and anguished, and rents have pyramided. The fair's Expo-Lodging operation has already made 370,000 room reservations. Has 60,000 beds listed within 30 miles of the fairground. Highway "hospitality booths" outside Seattle are staffed by hostesses who have direct lines to Expo-Lodging headquarters to help reservationless visitors find a place to stay. Sales of beds and mattresses have risen some 70% (best seller: hideaways) as every available nook and cranny in Seattle is converted into sleeping space. The fair will also be able to house visitors on the British cruise liner *Dominion Monarch*, an anchored dormitory that will accommodate 1,450 people. Gandy has given up hope of prying loose the *Liberté* to serve as a floating hotel.

Seattle's fair, like all fairs, has its critics; they grumble that concessionaires are ignoring fair standards, that some states have made poor showings, that the cultural attractions are too esoteric, that the fair's approaches are a natural for traffic jams. But the fair, nonetheless, is a remarkable accomplishment for its place and time (just two years before New York's), and the people of the Northwest who rallied behind it are justly proud. As the 40-ft. gas flame danced on the point of the Space Needle at twilight on opening night last week,

President Gandy looked out through his office window. Said he: "There's nothing there that hasn't meant at least a quart of blood drawn, and in some cases a bucket. But to tell you the truth, I'm amazed at the whole thing." A lot of other people will be, too.

## CITIES

### Hello & Goodbye

It seemed somehow appropriate that on the day before the Seattle fair opened, the one familiar symbol of another great fair—indeed of another great era—should say goodbye. Dead last week of a stroke at 75 was Grover Michael Aloysius Augustine Whalen, president of the 1939 New York World's Fair, chief greeter of the world's celebrities who came to New York during a pulsating quarter-century, inventor of the ticker-tape parade—the Host of New York.

His top hat or Homburg set squarely on his head, his natty guardsman's mustache stretched over a smile, a fresh carnation peeping from his lapel, Whalen flashed into the jazz age like a Victorian anachronism. He was the man in the lead car of every great tumultuous Broadway parade, the companion of the hero of the hour, always the host, never the honored guest, forever the other fellow in the news photos. Impeccable in dress, urbane in





WHALEN LEADING LINDBERGH TO PARADE  
A picture of an era.

character, it was he to whom the city turned when it wanted to put on the dog for a visiting celebrity.

**Welcome Without Wages.** Son of an Irish father and French Canadian mother, Whalen grew up in Manhattan's Lower East Side, earned his first pennies by lighting Sabbath fires for Jewish families at 5¢ a fire. By 1918, he had risen to an executive job at Wanamaker's department store, left to become secretary to newly elected Mayor John Hylan. His first big assignment: the welcoming arrangements for returning U.S. doughboys.

One welcoming job led to another. When the Prince of Wales arrived in 1919, Whalen started the world by ordering tons of confetti to be poured upon the parade from the windows over Lower Broadway, and from that day on, a Ticker-Tape Parade was deemed the only proper demonstration of affection for a conquering hero. Queen Marie of Rumania got it, and so did President Wilson, General Pershing, Bobby Jones, Connie Mack, Albert Einstein, Eisenhower, Truman MacArthur, and scores and scores of others. All the while, under seven mayors, Whalen served the city without salary.

**The Memorable Moment.** As boss of the World's Fair, Whalen, with his irrepressible flair for salesmanship, almost singlehandedly conned a nation after reluctant nation into building pavilions, sold mil-

lions of dollars in fair bonds. He wrote the contracts and signed them, hired the key personnel, played competing corporations off on one another to get them to invest in exhibits, piped water from the city to the fair site, expanded subway service to bring in the customers.

But he was at his best when he was shaking the hand of some famed figure, leading him to an open car and cruising slowly up the avenue under a welter of paper, ribbon and idolization. And not the raucous cry of Texas Guinan's "Hello Sucker!" or the galled might of Clarence Darrow at the Scopes trial, or the wild, flapping chorus lines of Broadway would ever depict the tumultuous '20s half so well as the one memorable moment when bareheaded Charles Lindbergh, an unbelievably young man who challenged the skies without a huge backing apparatus of machines and men, returned to his own land to be led to the people in triumph by top-hatted Grover Whalen.

## CARS

### New Wheels

One sleek item in the Sixth International Automobile Show, which opened in Manhattan's Coliseum last week, was turned back by its original purchaser because it gave him cold feet. A politician had ordered the grey, four-passenger Fiat 2300 coupe as last year's Christmas present to his wife, then canceled the order when he remembered the number of voters in Detroit.

**Water While It Rolls.** But for those not so politically sensitive, there were plenty of other foreign models, as well as the "1962½" models from Detroit. Sports cars, once a European specialty, are sprouting in the American lines. Oldsmobile's is a coupe called Jetfire, with bucket seats in front and a turbosupercharged high-compression engine capable of delivering 215 horses (price: \$3,039). Studebaker's new Avanti (TIME, April 13) is a rakish restyling from inside out designed to narrow still further the gap between the family sedan and the *gran turismo*.

Ford's showpieces are a one-of-a-kind sports version of its Falcon compact, the Challenger I, with a tuned 244-cu.-in. engine and special suspension designed to cruise at 120 m.p.h., and the Cougar 406 with gull-wing doors and a top speed of 160 m.p.h. Chevrolet's sports compact is a 150-h.p. version of the Corvair known as the Monza Spyder, and there are two special show models of the Corvette—the Shark and the Kelly.

The most ogled foreign entry was Jaguar's clean-lined, air-scooped Mark X with its *monocoque* construction (lightening and tightening the body by eliminating a chassis frame) and its road-hugging independent suspension front and rear. Cruising speed for this fancy feline is a cool 120 m.p.h. But gadgetry is not a U.S. monopoly: Mark X's includes twin tables with mirrors that fold out into the rear seat, and an air-conditioning system that can deliver different measures of hot and cold to each passenger. The big new Facel Vega II from France has an instrument panel designed to turn anyone with \$9,800 to spend into a Mitty-style jet pilot—8 dials, 10 toggle switches. And Rolls Royce, unable to improve on perfection, is offering such titillations as a built-in refrigerator to go with the built-in bar and a water supply built into a front door.

**\$500 a Quart.** Under the hood, the news is turbines. The Chrysler Corp.'s superbly smooth version of this engine, which runs on any inflammable fluid (the publicity department likes to take a car for a \$500 spin on a quart of Arpege), is the engineering department's answer to slumping sales. Chrysler is using it in the Dodge Turbo Dart and Plymouth Turbo Fury. Britain's entry: the Rover T-4, which was exhibited next to Rover's first turbine, the Jet I, demonstrated twelve years ago. All in all, the show was a record breaker: 450 entries and the largest collection of new models (51) ever to be unveiled at the same time.



VEGA II



FIAT 2300



SPIDER



COUGAR  
Designs for the future.



MARK X

## Psst—wanna buy a beach?



Copacabana Beach, Rio de Janeiro

Not just any beach, mind you. You are looking at a masterpiece — the Copacabana Beach in fabulous Rio. It's yours for a few days.

We (Braniff and Eastern, and friends) are inaugurating a new "thing" — **Friday Sky Tours of South America**, 23 days in 4 Latin American countries.

On any Friday, board a luxurious Braniff plane, with a group of interesting, friendly people. (Friday is a good day for interesting, friendly people, we've found. Many Miami-bound travelers use this flight just to be with them.) Fly to Panama City for 3 days. They have an inland waterway of some distinction there — plus lakes, jungles, history, hats (made in Ecuador), 3 charming cities, and more. You'll love it.

Then comes Lima, Peru — gateway to the Inca Empire, capital of the Spanish Colonial Empire, now a beautiful modern city. Look into all three. You have four days.

Next: fly across the majestic Andes for 6 days in Buenos Aires — 2nd busiest port in the hemisphere. (Right after New York.) Here's where you'll get your beach. The Buenos Aires-Montevideo area can boast more spectacular beaches than any other spot in the world. Here you'll also enjoy food that is truly unmatched anywhere.

Then Rio de Janeiro, the pleasure city, with its matchless night life. Here, too, are some beaches to be reckoned with, including pictured Copacabana Beach justly called the most magnificent of all. You will only stay in Rio for 6 days — any longer and you might be tempted to stay forever. After two days in bustling Sao Paulo comes the flight home on another luxurious Braniff plane. (With interesting, friendly people, as usual. Some of these people say the flight over

this dramatic section of the Andes is the most magnificent part of the trip. We reserve the word "magnificent" for the entire tour.)

Now for a little general theory: You'll notice that our description is hasty, but our **Friday Sky Tours** are not. Travel should be leisurely, in our view. Not a "drop in, see the government buildings, mail a postcard and scoot" affair. We haven't had time to list all the side trips available — to Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, La Paz, Montevideo, Iguassu Falls, etc. But be assured, they abound.

South America is the most interesting continent in the world, we think. It has everything: cosmopolitan cities, primitive jungles, every type of climate (much more varied than North America), an art and architecture renaissance that is sweeping the continent, supremely luxurious hotels, endless flora and fauna, elegant resorts, sports, color... and three layers of historical fascination. (Aztec, Mayan and Inca civilization to 1500; the Spanish colonial period to 1810; the evolutionary period of the 19th century.) Here too is shopping at its best. Silver and gold articles of all types, leather goods, precious stones and jewelry at bargain prices you can't resist. And it is all right next door, a short flight away.

So, now, here is what to do. Amass 23 days you can throw away on pleasure. (We realize 23 days may be hard to come by.) Then gather a bit of money. Not much, really. And we do have a Time Pay plan. A **Friday Sky Tour** is a splendid bargain (you'll notice that we've thrown in a few extra beaches). First, of course, to get all the information (side trips and all), fill out and mail our coupon; then consult your Travel Agent. 23 blissful, elegant, exciting, fascinating days await you.

**BRANIFF**  
INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS  
**EASTERN**  
AIR LINES

Please send information on

**FRIDAY SKY TOURS** (Leave any Friday)

23 DAYS in Panama • Peru • Argentina • Brazil

Price . . . from New York \$901.74 . . . from Miami \$844.00

(Above price includes all transportation — air fare (propeller aircraft, Economy Class; jet fares, slightly higher) and taxes, transfers, immovables, taxis — all hotels (per person, double occupancy), sightseeing and tips.) OR

I am unable to scrape together 23 days to visit Latin America, but only \_\_\_\_\_ days.

I understand you have tours of all kinds. Please send information on one that suits my needs

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

My Travel Agent is \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to TOUR DEPARTMENT, BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS, EXCHANGE PARK, DALLAS, TEXAS.

## MEDICINE

### Abdominal Drainplug

Doctors who know how to treat the patient suffering from a virtually complete failure of kidney function find it far more difficult to treat kidney problems that are more numerous and less serious. Complete breakdown calls for the familiar artificial kidney.<sup>9</sup> Partial failure calls for repeated "peritoneal irrigations": to wash out the body's natural metabolic poisons—and the process requires an abdominal incision for each irrigation.

For the less critical kidney patients, Harvard Physician John P. Merrill and his colleagues at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital have devised a bold and ingenious technique: a miniature plastic "manhole" permanently implanted in the abdominal wall.

Leading to a plastic conduit, the manhole serves the patient in much the same way that a fuel oil intake in the sidewalk serves a suburban home. The conduit, 1 in. to 1 1/2 in. long, is inserted through a slit in the belly muscle. It is threaded to take a screw-plug that seals the whole apparatus when it is not in use. For irrigation, this plug is unscrewed and replaced by one with a hole drilled through on the bias. Through this hole a tube is inserted to carry the irrigation fluid. By rotating the plug with its angled orifice, fluid can be directed to or drained from different parts of the abdominal cavity.

Dr. Merrill could not say how much longer his patients had lived because of the treatment. But the fact that one was treated at home by her husband led him to hope that the technique can be made safe for widespread use. At the same meeting of the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs where Dr. Merrill made his report, Seattle's Dr. Belding Scribner carried the do-it-yourself idea a long step farther. Though the irrigation has to be repeated over several hours with a total of about 20 qt. of fluid, Dr. Scribner described a machine with a reservoir and an automatic cycling system with which, he suggested, a patient might be able to treat himself at home.

### Viruses & Cancer (Cont'd.)

When hundreds of cancer experts and thousands of researchers in assorted biological sciences swarmed into Atlantic City last week, one of the most persistent questions was: Can viruses be convicted of causing human cancer? When the highly technical discussions were over, virus-guilt had not yet been proved. But from several laboratories came new-forged links in a damning chain of evidence. Most significantly, after a half-century of working with such lowly creatures as fowl and rodents, the researchers have begun to report suggestive findings in monkeys and men. Examples:

► A virus which occurs naturally in pri-

mates (rhesus and related monkeys) has been shown capable of causing cancer. Both Merck & Co. virologists and Dr. Bernice Eddy of the National Institutes of Health, who reported similar results, had to go back to hamsters to start their cancers growing, but there was no doubt that they got their effects with a virus, known variously as the vacuolating agent and SV (for simian virus) 40. It is the first primate virus shown to cause cancer in any animal.

► A near-final step in the same direction was reported by Baylor University's Dr. John J. Trentin, who grew highly malignant tumors in hamsters injected with



VIROLOGIST EDDY  
New evidence on the way to proof.

adenovirus 12, which hitherto had been known to cause disease (a feverish cold, or "grippe") only in humans. Doubters suggested that Dr. Trentin's adenovirus might have been contaminated with SV 40. To make sure, other laboratories will repeat the Baylor experiments.

► Dr. Helene W. Toolan of Manhattan's Sloan-Kettering Institute reported that two viruses which had previously been found in human cancer have now been found in human embryos (from spontaneous abortions, or "miscarriages"). To rule out contamination in the Sloan-Kettering lab, parts of the same embryos were examined in London, where British workers isolated one of the two viruses. The other, said Sloan-Kettering's Dr. Alice E. Moore, seems to be virtually the same as one previously found in rats. And both occur in human cancers transplanted into rats.

While no researcher could yet prove that any cancer in monkey or man is caused by a virus, each virological cross-link between the higher and lower animals held out a promise of more knowledge to come.

### Off the Market

"Out of an abundance of caution," read the letter from Cincinnati's Wm. S. Merrell Co. to 230,000 U.S. physicians, "we have determined that the sale of triparanol should be discontinued until all possible controversy is put to rest." Thus last week almost half a million patients learned that they could no longer hope to cut down the cholesterol circulating in their blood—and perhaps reduce the danger of heart attacks—simply by swallowing a daily 35¢ triparanol capsule.

Triparanol (trade name: MER 29) was marketed two years ago with only a background rumble of misgivings (TIME, June 6, 1960). The drug had produced no serious side effects in the first 2,000 patients treated experimentally. But the more it was used, the more reports suggested that it might be a bad actor. At least four patients are said to have developed cataracts while being treated by the drug. Merrell has admitted many cases of baldness, change of hair color and loss of body hair. Skin reactions ranged from dryness and itching to peeling and development of a fish-scale texture. In a few cases, triparanol was suspected of cutting down the body's protective white blood cells.

Though it was perhaps the most widely used, triparanol was only one of several drugs recently taken off the market. The incident underscored a warning by a committee of doctors in their outspoken *Medical Letter* on new drugs: "Statements that a new drug has few, mild or no side effects should be ignored."

### Hormones for the Heart

Even without triparanol, men who have had heart attacks and are threatened with others can still have their cholesterol lowered by a drug—provided they are willing to put up with breast enlargement, loss of potency and other side effects from female sex hormones. Figuring that heart disease sufferers would not mind such symptoms if they also developed one more aspect of femininity—relative immunity from heart attacks until late in life—Chicago's Dr. Jeremiah Stamler and fellow researchers treated a group of patients with Premarin, a combination of estrogenic hormones.

Without such treatment, Dr. Stamler told a symposium at Philadelphia's Hahnemann Medical College, 17% of men die within five years after a single, uncomplicated heart attack; 71% die after a more serious attack or a succession of attacks. After five years on Premarin, the corresponding death rates were 7% and 27%. But dosage is critical. Dr. Stamler warned against giving Premarin within three months after a heart attack, advocated building up in stages after that from 1.25 mg. to 5 mg. a day. Los Angeles' Dr. Jessie Marmorosch reported that she got good results (TIME, June 15, 1960) without ever going over 1.25 mg., and that on this small dose her patients are not noticeably feminized. But Dr. Stamler insisted that bigger doses are necessary, and some feminizing is unfortunately unavoidable.

► Its use involves cutting into blood vessels in the arms or legs to insert tubes. Permanent implantation of the tubes for repeated treatment is still experimental (TIME, May 12).

# SPECIAL REPORT

from United States Steel

COW IN THE KITCHEN

*turn page for the story*





Stainless steel "pipeline" milking protects quality.



Milk is held at low temperature in farm bulk milk tank.



Stainless trucks collect milk from farms.



*The cows are our friends, they give food, they give strength, they likewise give a good complexion and happiness.—GAUTAMA BUDDHA, 500 B.C.*

## The story of mankind's oldest food

The pastureland of the Delta was lush, green. Herdsmen watched their cattle graze peacefully on the rich grasses. It was communal pasture; the cows had been branded with hot irons. At the end of the summer they would be separated, driven south again to the estates of their masters in the Valley of the Nile. Their milk was used for food, for butter-making, for cosmetics, and for offerings to the gods in a heaven depicted by the priests as a cow with full udder.

**Food for thought.** From the beginnings of time, milk has been nature's most nearly perfect food. From a single quart, man gets 100% of the calcium he needs each day, 82% of the riboflavin, 67% of the phosphorus, 49% of the protein, from 19% to 30% of the Vitamins A, D and C, and a full fifth of the calories he needs to run his engine.

Because of milk's exceptional nutritional qualities, it is little wonder that Americans spend more for milk than for any other basic food. About 20% of our food bill goes for dairy products, but with it we buy more than 35% of our food needs. This year our 17.5 million dairy cows will produce an estimated record 125 billion pounds of raw milk. Behind this unprecedented demand is a remarkable technology that has made milk safer, better tasting, and

more efficiently produced than it has been in 6,000 years.

**The machinery of milk.** With the exception of pasteurization, most of milk's remarkable machinery has been developed in our lifetime. On the farm, cows are milked automatically by vacuum; the milk is piped directly from the milking machine through stainless steel or glass lines to refrigerated, stainless steel bulk tanks that chill and hold it at about 38°F to maintain its quality. On most modern dairy farms, milk cans are a thing of the past. Today, huge stainless steel tank trucks collect the milk by pumping it from the farm tank through flexible plastic lines.

**Mechanical cow.** The new technology marks milk's distribution, too. Fifty years ago there were actually areas in this country where milk delivery meant lading warm milk out of a can at the doorstep; today, milk containers come in practically every conceivable form. The newest wrinkle is the home dispenser.

A home milk dispenser is a junior version of the commercial units you see in restaurants. Most hold two 3-gallon containers of milk. The cabinet is self-refrigerated, plugs into any electrical outlet. Inside temperature is about 38°F. The milkman services the dispenser right in the kitchen, removes empty containers and installs a full one as it's needed. The milk flows by gravity from the container through a sterile plastic tube. The valve mechanism that opens and closes the tube is so simple even youngsters have no problem operating it. The home dispenser's main advantage: a constant supply of cold, fresh milk, fewer deliveries, no mess.

Milk dispensers were the brainchild

of a man named L. F. Norris. As a boy of 17, over fifty years ago, he came out of the hills of Missouri, made his way to Minneapolis where he bought himself a milk route and proceeded to build it into one of Minnesota's finest, largest creameries. As far back as the '30s, Norris saw the shortcomings of the half-pint milk containers commonly used in schools and restaurants: they warmed too quickly, decreased milk consumption, were hard to handle.

Norris reasoned that a self-refrigerated unit that would dispense milk in bulk at a finger's touch would solve a raft of storage, cooling and taste problems, not to mention selling more milk. By 1945 he had his first prototype unit in a Minneapolis tearoom and set out to sell the public health officials and sanitarians on the idea, no mean task since milk is the most heavily regulated food in this country. The idea paid off. Today there are well over a quarter of a million dispensers in use.

The idea of a dispenser for the home came in 1955 when Norris learned that families were actually buying his restaurant units for their homes. His first home unit was called the Dairy Bar; it held two 3-gallon milk cans and had extra space for storing other dairy products. Today they're also making a sleek compact unit that fits under regulation height kitchen cabinets and holds, in its gleaming stainless steel interior, two 3-gallon containers.

**Dairy delight.** Parents aren't the only people who have waxed enthusiastic about the new "mechanical cows." Dozens of dairies, large and small, have found they're a good way to sell more milk and cut delivery costs. Typical cases: In Albuquerque, N. M., Cream-



This mark tells you a product is made of Steel. Look for it on the products you buy.





Virtually every piece of equipment inside a dairy is stainless steel.



Bottling line is entirely automated.

land Dairy processes 20,000 gallons of raw milk daily; is New Mexico's largest. Because of the slim profit margin on fresh milk, they emphasize efficiency, a full by-product line, and crack service requiring such innovations as radio-controlled delivery trucks. They reasoned a home dispenser program would help them sell more milk at lower costs, and proceeded to loan 1200 units to Albuquerque homeowners. Within two years, milk consumption in dispenser homes had shot up 32.5%, their overall production had climbed 10%, they had 6.6% more new customers attracted by the program, and their delivery costs had been pared to a comfortable level.

In West Union, Iowa, a small country operation called Humphry Dairy had results just as spectacular. Humphry's owner, Mr. A. K. Frey, and his wife came to West Union in 1939 with \$300 and an old '32 DeSoto. He paid \$50 down on the dairy, traded his DeSoto as a down payment on a panel truck, and used the rest of his meager cash to pay the farmers for the first month's milk. Today Humphry Dairy does \$400,000 worth of business a year, largely because the Freys have always made it a point to keep a jump ahead of their competition. A home dispenser program was tailor-made for this philosophy: Humphry put 300 units into West Union and surrounding area homes, cut delivery costs, saw 80% of their new business attracted by the dispensers as production climbed to 150% of what it had been before the program.

Humphry and Creamland are only two of the many dairies that have home dispenser programs today, and they're all finding that it is a spectacular way to sell more milk and, by capturing volume customers, to sell it more profitably. Even more delighted are thousands of mothers who like the idea that their children are drinking more healthful milk; and that for sheer convenience, there's nothing quite like the mechanical cow in the kitchen. When you calculate that one in four of all American families have five or more members,

amounting to a market potential of 11,250,000 units, the future looks rosy indeed for home milk dispensers.

• • •

Modern dairies and up-to-date farms have very little equipment that isn't stainless steel. Because of its remarkable corrosion resistance, its great cleanliness, its hard, dense surface that doesn't harbor contamination, stainless steel is not only preferred throughout the dairy industry, but in many areas is specified as the *only* acceptable milk contact surface.

United States Steel is a leading producer of stainless steel and many other products used by the dairy industry, so naturally we have been milk-minded for many years. Back in 1940, we sponsored a Dairy Barn Research Project at the University of Wisconsin that paved the way to widespread use of loose housing systems, milking parlors and automated equipment. In 1949 we sponsored another research project that studied "pipeline" milking into stainless steel bulk milk tanks; today over 50% of the milk we drink is collected by this sanitary system. United States Steel has also promoted the use of bulk milk dispensers, and worked with manufacturers of dairy processing, transporting and distribution equipment to make full use of the many new and improved specialty steels that emerge from our research laboratories.

We like to think that such innovation has something to do with making fresh, pure milk more readily available and with the fact that milk prices have risen less in the last 15 years than the retail prices of all foods—all of which would please one Thomas Muffet, 17th Century Doktor of Physick, who wrote that "Cows' milk nourisheth plentifully, increaseth the brain, feedeth the body, and restoreth the flesh."



Stainless dairy equipment cleans easily because of its smooth surface.

Home dispenser makes it easy for child to help sell.



United States Steel

TRADEMARK

## SCIENCE

### Bolt from the Sky

Even for the sophisticated rocket watchers of Cape Canaveral to whom the swiftest jet plane seems a little old-fashioned, the contrails of the B-52 bomber that soared high overhead last week held a special significance. Telescopes and electronic eyes on the Atlantic Missile Range traced every mile of the big ship's progress. The reason for the intense interest was obvious. Under the bomber's right wing hung a slim Skybolt missile, the newest and most promising weapon of the U.S. Air Force.

Precisely on schedule, the Skybolt dropped away from its mother plane. As it fell, the eight-inched after section kept it from tumbling. Then, just after the fins separated and went astern, the first of the two-stage missile's solid-fuel engines ignited, spouting a rooster tail of flaming gas. Quickly Skybolt accelerated, spurred far ahead of the B-52, turned its nose upward and climbed sharply out of sight. By the time its dummy warhead splashed in the ocean far downrange, it was clear that Skybolt, which has been under forced-draft development by Douglas Aircraft Co. for nearly three years, was well along the difficult road toward deployment with the Strategic Air Command.\*

**Little Fuss.** All qualified observers agreed: the Skybolt-B-52 combination makes a splendid weapon. (In Britain, even before last week's test, R.A.F. pilots were itching to strap the rockets under the wings of their Vulcan bombers.) A combat-ready B-52 will carry four Skybolts under its wings, each armed with a nuclear warhead that will make it as devastating as the submarine-borne Polaris missiles that are now in service. Both in eventual impact and versatility on the way to its target, Skybolt is an impressive testament to nuclear age technology.

The airborne missiles can be launched 1,000 nautical miles away from their tar-

gets. The B-52 need never be exposed to enemy close-in air defenses. The two-stage missile's Aerojet engines burn solid fuel and not much of it. When Skybolt is fired, it already has the respectable forward speed of 600 m.p.h., and most of the atmosphere is already far below. With little fuss, by land-launched rocket standards it climbs into the vacuum of space and arches on its way.

**Guiding Stars.** Instruments both on the bomber and the missile will watch the stars before launch (even in daylight) and jointly keep track of the plane's position above the surface of the earth. When a target has been selected, the bomber's crew will crank the proper instructions into the computers carried by the four Skybolts. At the press of a button, the birds will be on the wing, heading in salvo for a single target or spreading out on individual courses to clobber widely separated cities.

Since B-52s can take off from any of many fields and fly in a few hours to within easy reach of enemy centers, they are far more versatile than any fixed launching pad. Their Skybolts can approach targets from any direction, forcing an enemy to watch the whole sky rather than concentrate on already computed missile routes. And no effective defense is likely against the Skybolt's nuclear warhead, which will plunge out of space like an ICBM that has come from the far side of the earth.

### Fallout with the Daffodils

In the atomic age, March winds and April showers also bring fallout from the thin upper air. As spring crept over the Northern Hemisphere last week, scientists



**FIRING**  
It will defy defense.

everywhere deployed their Geiger counters, sure that radioactivity would rise with the daffodils.

First measurements came from radio-sensitive Japan, where radioactivity had sunk to a comfortably low winter level after last fall's Russian tests in Novaya Zemlya. In December the index figure was an insignificant 6.77 millimicrocuries.<sup>®</sup>

<sup>®</sup> Gross radioactivity is measured in millimicrocuries per minute per square meter.

Radioactivity stayed low during January and February, but since then it has climbed steeply. By March it had reached 20.48 millimicrocuries, and scientists of Japan's Meteorological Institute estimate that it will reach about 50 millimicrocuries for the month of April. After the notably "dirty" Soviet tests of 1958, the figure peaked at 94.45 in May of 1959. Japanese meteorologists point out that their last winter was very dry with rainfall registering only about half that of three years ago. They predict that when the heavy spring rains arrive, they will pull down enough fallout to equal or exceed the 1959 peak.

In the U.S., where fallout watchers are neither as prompt with their reports as the Japanese nor as frank, few figures have been released. But radioactivity is known to be showing its expected spring rise. In the Northern states cows are still feeding mostly on fodder gathered last fall before the Soviet tests, and their milk is still low in radioactivity. But Southern cows are already grazing on green grass, and the spring fallout that has collected on it is passing into their milk. As spring moves north and the grass greens up in Vermont and Wisconsin, the radioactivity of Northern milk will increase too.

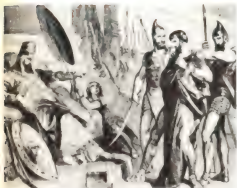
U.S. authorities including the Atomic Energy Commission, the Public Health Service and the Weather Bureau, feel sure that the 1962 fallout will probably



**READY TO GO**

equal or exceed the 1959 peak, but they are not alarmed. The fission energy yield of the Soviet 1958 tests was 10 to 15 megatons. The total energy of last fall's Soviet tests was much greater (170 megatons), but most of it came from nuclear fusion, which creates little fallout. Only about 25 megatons came from nuclear fission of uranium or plutonium, and since many of the Russian tests were exploded at high altitudes, their dangerous fission products will presumably stay aloft for longer periods of time and lose more of their activity by natural decay before they come down.

Even if the 1962 spring fallout sets a new record, says the Public Health Service, it is not likely to endanger health. The highest levels reached in 1959 were only about .25% of the amount that would have made protective measures worth the trouble.



JUDAH'S KING ZEDEKIAH AT BABYLON  
He will help program the IBM 704.

## History by Computer

Giant computers have built much of their reputation by serving as the brains behind the world's intricate weaponry. But they are also capable of engaging in more innocent pursuits. At International Business Machines Corp., one of the more complicated computers recently spent 40 hours calculating the motions of the moon, sun and planets for 600 years as they cruised over ancient Babylon.

The Babylonians and their predecessors in Mesopotamia believed that the motions of the heavenly bodies had an intimate influence on human affairs. When they recorded current events—the start of a war, say, or a drop in the price of barley—they were likely to include the position of the moon on that day, or the location of a couple of planets. Today, if a scholar studying the clay tablets of ancient Babylon wants to know the exact date of a given event, all he has to do is to calculate the date when the heavenly bodies were in their recorded positions.

For years scholars have known about this dating system, but tracing astronomical motions backward for more than 2,000 years is forbiddingly time consuming for slow-working human brains. So Mathematician Bryant Tuckerman of IBM got time on a 704 computer. In 40 hours of electronic calculation the 704 riffled through reams of arithmetic and disgorged 301 tables of figures showing the positions of the moon, Venus and Mercury at five-day intervals, and of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and the sun at ten-day intervals between 601 B.C. to A.D. 1. The orbital equations used by the monster computer gave results that are accurate to less than one hour.

Scholars who can read the cuneiform writing of ancient Babylon are already hard at work with Dr. Tuckerman's tables. Eventually they may check the dates of such events as Nebuchadnezzar's deportation of the Jews or Cyrus' capture of Babylon—sometimes perhaps, to the very hour. Babylon Standard Time. They hope to reconstruct a detailed history of the almost forgotten Babylonian civilization, out of which grew the culture of Greece and modern Europe.

# Output Insurance

for Eaton Manufacturing Company, Cleveland, Ohio,  
is Custom-Tailored by The Phoenix of Hartford

With 24 divisions in the United States alone, 50-year old Eaton serves practically every major industry. The company supplies truck and automotive components to leading manufacturers throughout the world, and plays an increasingly important part as a producer of power transmission and marine equipment.

Phoenix of Hartford policies protect Eaton's output and income. These policies insure materials on their way to Eaton plants, and finished products on their way to market. Phoenix

also writes a large part of Eaton's Property Damage and Business Interruption Coverage.

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INSURANCE COMPANIES  
HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

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# SHOW BUSINESS

## MOVIES

### The Shy Man

The phone rings. The man who answers is lower middle-aged with a lower middle punch. He looks something like a near-sighted kipper.

"Ell-ow," he says in pure cockney.

"Is Peter Sellers there?"

"'E aint eer. Ooze callin'?"

Peter Sellers is there, of course, at his flat in London, and he is on the line. Contentedly he clicks down the phone. Shy men like Sellers hate to talk to

about as frequently as cuckoo clocks: he has made more than two dozen in the last twelve years. *Only Two Can Play* is playing to sellout audiences in London and New York. He is Jean Anouilh's lecherous old general in *Waltz of the Toreadors*, which won superlative reviews when it opened fortnight ago in London.

**No Face of His Own.** Sellers is the son of vaudeville troupers. He has been a performer since the age of two, and he spent his youth acquiring every sort of face but one of his own. He became a brilliant actor by painful necessity, since he is by



IN "WALTZ"



IN "LOLITA"



IN "DOCK"

He also speaks Tyneside Geordie, American Snob and stiff upper BBC.



PETER SELLERS & FAMILY

friends, let alone strangers. Sellers is the world's best mimic, equipped with an enormous range of accents, inflections and dialects—including five kinds of cockney, Mayfair pukka, stiff upper BBC, Oxford, Cambridge, Yorkshire, Lancashire, West Country, Highland Scots, Edinburgh Scots, Glaswegian Scots, Tyneside Geordie, Northern Ireland, Southern Ireland, French, Mittel-europa, American Twang, American Drawl, American Snob, Canadian, Australian and three kinds of Indian. He fools everybody. Everybody but his friends, that is; they are wise to him. When they call him up and a sweet old German nanny answers, they say, "Come off it, you old bastard." The trouble is that there really is a sweet old German nanny at Sellers' place, and she often gets an earful when she answers: "Voss diss?"

Now that Alec Guinness has opted for serious roles. Peter Sellers is the best light actor in the English-speaking cinema. Young Britons appreciate the subtle subterfuge of his anti-establishment manner. Like Guinness, he often pops up in various roles within a single film (*The Mouse That Roared*, *The Naked Truth*). As the finicky Clare Quilty, he tries out several disguises in Hollywood's new and breathily awaited *Lolita*, which brought him to the U.S. last week for a promotion tour. New Sellers films open, it seems,

nature diffident, introspective and not particularly articulate unless he is pretending to be someone else. "I've got so many inhibitions that I sometimes wonder if I exist at all," he says. "I have no desire to play Peter Sellers. I don't know who Peter Sellers is, except that he's the one who gets paid. Cary Grant is Cary Grant—that's his stock in trade. If I tried to sell myself as Peter Sellers, I'd be penniless. Write any character you have in mind and I'll shape myself to what you have written. But don't write a part for me."

Sellers won his early popularity doing impersonations on the radio. He soon formed the celebrated *Goon Show* with two others and proved that even the BBC had room for the humor of the imagination gone mad. For example, the three climbed Mount Everest from the inside. Eventually they made a film short called *The Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film*. It featured an agile fellow who held a phonograph needle and ran around a record. Another chap scrubbed a field with soap and water. It was shot in two days in what Sellers describes as "daguerreo-type pigment made from condensed yak's breath." It had absolutely no meaning—and audiences laughed until they were carted away.

Nowadays, Sellers builds characters out of people he knows or seeks out, getting

ready for new roles by fastening himself to the real article—union leaders, neurotic Americans, old generals—and absorbing their personalities down to the last tic. The result is always funny, sometimes merciless. But when he reads a new script, Sellers usually panics. "Better ring up and say I can't do it," he tells his wife. He paces frantically for hours. "Then," she says, "Peter buys a new car and he's all right." Since 1948 he has owned 62 automobiles. One was a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, but it made him uncomfortable. He put a classified ad in the *Sunday Times*: "Titled motor car wishes to dispose of owner."

**Butler Problems.** The Sellers' family flat, near Hampstead Heath, has five bedrooms and costs \$840 a month. Until recently the family—Wife Anne, Son Michael, 8, Daughter Sarah, 4—had a stately home in Hertfordshire, but they were overwhelmed by servant problems. "Robbie was a great butler," reminisces Sellers, singling out one example. "All he could see was straight ahead. He couldn't see sideways, and he kept bumping into things. He wouldn't listen to you. You'd say, 'Robbie, there's a wall there.' He'd snarl. 'I know there's a wall there.' Crash! We were losing all our china."

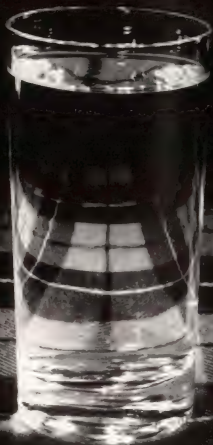
Like Jackie Gleason, Sellers has frequent meetings with a spiritualist. He is vice president of the London Judo Society. He loves jazz. In *Who's Who* he lists his most exclusive club as "Royal Automobile." He drinks little, but he once got totally potted celebrating the knighting of Alec Guinness. Going on stage afterward—he was appearing in a West End comedy called *Bronchitis*—he smiled dreamily at the audience and said: "I'm sloshed." He offered to call on his understudy, but the idea was shouted down. Ten sober geni could not equal one drunk Sellers.

## TELEVISION

### The 40th Floor

At one point, Colonel John Glenn sounds like a fly-by-night-pay-later salesman pushing a ten-day, round-trip excursion. "You can launch on Tuesday and be home by the end of the following week," he says amiably. What is the destination? The moon, of course. *60 Hours to the Moon*, to be shown this Sunday over ABC-TV, is an excellently documented summary of U.S. plans for space exploration, produced by ABC News and built around excerpts from a six-hour interview between Glenn and ABC News Science Editor Jules Bergman. Well worth the attention of viewers of any age, the program was designed especially for teen-agers in the hope of attracting their minds toward the science of space. It therefore wastes no time talking down to adults, is presented in terms more familiar to the young—time-capability, power-limited, lift vectors, rendezvous and docking, ablation shields, paratriders, and so on.

Though he stands on history's highest soap box, Glenn is not a man to pontificate, and the program as a whole follows



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QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



his lead. It ranges across every relevant topic from aerospace medicine to the U.S.'s unmanned satellite programs. Scientists and astronauts stand up at blackboards and clearly explain just how landings are made on the earth and would be made on the surface of the moon. Delt animation explains the complicated docking procedure: hooking up a manned capsule to an orbiting rocket, providing the added power to complete a lunar voyage. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration has given ABC the first really detailed look at mock-ups of the new two-man Gemini capsule, the three-man Apollo capsule that will make the first U.S. moon trip and the nuclear Nerva rocket, so powerful that it will eliminate the rendezvous and docking process altogether and make direct trips beyond the moon.

Dozens of people from Nobel prizewinners to Canaveral secretaries appear during the hour, but Glenn is at the center. Says he: "We're well aware there are risks involved. There are a lot of things to learn. You just don't glue a bunch of bolts and metal together and go off on a space flight." Nonetheless, beneath everything this absorbing show's guests have to say emerges the staggering fact that they talk about going to the moon as if they planned to push a button and get off on the 40th floor.

## BROADWAY

### Tin Pan Adler

For a project like this it would have been sheer madness to settle for anything less than top talent. Broadway Composer Richard Adler (*The Pajama Game*, *Damn Yankees*) did the score and lyrics. One of the men who won Oscars for scoring *West Side Story* stayed up all night doing the arrangement. Musicians came from the New York Philharmonic. The high-paid, high-caliber Hi-Lo's were there to do the singing. After 29 takes, Composer Adler was still dissatisfied. "It must have that ping. That's the feel I want implemented, hand-wise." Take No. 10 was pingsville. "That's it," exulted Adler. "That's it." The result:

*More people than ever are cooking with gas!*

*And, heating and cooling, and drying and refrigerating with gas—*

*You'll find it's faster and cleaner and more economical, too. . . .*

For such gassers Adler gets paid in five figures. Of all the Broadway types who pick up extra jingle writing jingles (*TIME*, April 21, 1961) he is, by his own description, "the top man in the field." His monumental arias of trade include *You'll Feel Better About Smoking with the Taste of Kent*, *Kent with the Micronite Filter*; the rousing *Big Gullon* song, the *Cities Service Suite*; *Newport Filter Cigarettes*, *Newport Filter Cigarettes*; the *Bon Ami Jet Spray Sonata*; and the battle hymn of *York Imperial-size Cigarettes*. Soon radio and TV audiences will be hearing his latest creation—the new national anthem of the American Gas Association—several thousand times a week.



POPE URBAN VIII BY GIAN LORENZO BERNINI

LIFE COLOR PHOTO BY DMITRI KESSEL

## Great moments live in LIFE

Blessing in stone . . .

One of the majestic sculptures by Bernini, the 17th century genius who, more than any other man, created the look of Rome. It is only one great moment from LIFE's recent 18-page color portrait at Eastertime, of the glory that was and *is* the Eternal City.

Everlasting moments—and current news, too, are brought week after week to LIFE's pages while still alive

with color and interest. Because of LIFE's vivid involvement with all of human experience, 31,000,000 adults are attracted to its pages every week.

Naturally, these are readers who are bound to be above average in education, taste, income—and all the many qualities that make them a far more responsive audience for what you make or sell.

Great markets live in LIFE.

**LIFE**

# How much wagon do you want and how much do you want to



**CHRYSLER NEWPORT** ↑

Newport wagons are priced from \$3,478.\* These are big wagons with big performance. The standard engine is a 265 hp V-8 that uses regular gas. Famous Torsion-Aire Ride irons out the bumps for a sedan-smooth ride. (9-passenger model above, \$3,586.\* Kids love the third seat which faces the rear.)



**PLYMOUTH** ↑

These wagons are priced from \$2,609.\* Plymouth has a big new body this year—almost eight feet of cargo length with the tailgate closed. The turning radius is much shorter for 1962, so you get a lot more turn for a lot less effort. Acceleration is up as much as 10%, gas mileage improved as much as 7%.



**DODGE DART**

Dart wagons start from \$2,644.\* Dodge gives you improved acceleration this year *and* improved gas mileage. The secret is live weight and what our engineers call fat-free performance. You get 85 cubic feet of cargo space in a wagon that parks as easily as a sedan.

#### Invitation:

Try one of these action wagons from Chrysler Corporation at your dealer's this weekend. Take the whole family out and try it for size!

# pay?

Here's a quick way to size up wagons. Chrysler Corporation offers 24 models in compacts and full-size, 6- and 9-passenger. And each of them gives you a lot more action on a lot less gas.



## DODGE CUSTOM 880 ↓

Here's the big new Dodge with hardtop wagons priced from \$3,292.\* Custom made for the big car man, this 880 wagon is the roomiest Dodge of them all. It gives you 91 cubic ft. of cargo space, over 8 ft. of cargo length back of the seats.



## VALIANT ←

Valiant wagons are priced from \$2,285.\* Compact on the outside, but inside there's 72 cubic feet of cargo space. The 101 hp Slant Six Engine gives you plenty of lively action even when you're carrying a full load. Runs fine on regular gas and doesn't use much of that.



## LANCER ↑

Lancer wagons are priced from \$2,306.\* They come in two series, the low priced 170 and the deluxe 770. Either way, you get a wagon that cruises at turnpike speeds, yet uses gas sparingly, as a compact should. There are two things you don't get: squeaks and rattles. The reason is Chrysler Corporation's Unibody Construction.

\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price exclusive of destination charges. White sidesall tires, wheel covers and luggage rack optional, extra.

Sent to ANDY WILLIAMS SHOW starring DICK VAN DYKE, with Ann Margret, Henry Mancini and Special guest, ANDY GRIFFITH, Friday, May 4, NBC-TV

# Chrysler Corporation

Where engineering puts something extra into every car

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MISSILE DIVISION ■ SPACE DIVISION ■ MOPAR ■ AIRTEMP ■ AMPLX ■ CYCLEWELD ■ MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINES



## A \$10,000,000 business born in a ready room

The time: World War II. Bill L.: a naval aviator. Like many young men in the service, he was concerned about his future—after the war. Like so many others, he discussed the subject with his friends.

One fellow officer was particularly impressed because Bill L.'s talk was not dream talk. He had a definite idea. He wanted a business of his own to carry out this idea: Complete management control—from product designs, to sales organization, to feeding back earnings to finance growth.

The friends agreed to get together when they were released from the Navy, look for a company to buy, and test Bill L.'s theory.

In 1947, they discovered B. Corp. In a strong growth field—punching and plastic binding machines and sup-

plies for offices—it was also priced to fit their available capital. They bought working control.

Though Bill L. now had his company, it consisted of just 20 employees, little sales volume, and an uncertain future. But the new management immediately acted on its imaginative, aggressive idea. So successful was it that by 1956, B. Corp. needed a new enlarged plant.

For the first time, Bill L. could not finance further growth from earnings. He estimated his need at nearly \$2,000,000. And since retaining ownership was basic to his plan, he refused to sell stock.

Bill L. came to The First National Bank of Chicago. Our Division K, specializing in office machinery and equipment, recognized his company's potential and worked out a mortgage,

a term loan, and an open line of credit for working capital requirements.

B. Corp. moved into its new quarters in 1957. Recent figures show over 800 employees and \$10,000,000 plus in sales. Foreign production facilities have also been acquired, and there are now 41 domestic and 25 foreign branches.

The Commercial Bank Department of The First National Bank of Chicago maintains 11 Divisions, each dealing with one group of industries exclusively. Each officer in these Divisions offers knowledgeable service because he constantly studies and interprets industry trends. As a result, he is able to understand clearly your particular problems.

Whether you're in office machines or meat packing, The First is ready to serve you. Write, call, or visit us soon.



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Dearborn, Monroe, Clark and Madison Streets • Building with Chicago since 1863

MEMBER F.D.I.C.



# BUSINESS

## STATE OF BUSINESS Squeezing the Great Bull

When Chairman Morehead Patterson rapped the annual meeting of American Machine & Foundry Co. to order in Manhattan last week, one of the first things stockholders wanted to know was why the



AMF's PATTERSON  
That listless feeling.

company's stock had fallen from \$63 to \$52 in the past year. "God knows," said Morehead Patterson candidly. "We were the same corporation . . . What bothers me is that we have 10,000 more shareholders now than before it happened, and I'm sorry for every one of them."

Patterson's failure to predict any rise in AMF shares in the near future was coldly realistic; together with dozens of other glamour issues that have hit bottom since last fall, AMF stock is caught in the grip of a stubbornly listless stock market. Since the Dow-Jones industrial index hit its alltime high of 734.91 last December the market has munched indecisively into a slow decline. Last week, after being frightened down to 684.06 by the President's clash with Big Steel, the index managed to climb back up to 694.25. But the gains were made on a thin market; the number of shares traded on the New York Stock Exchange ran at only 3,000,000 a day, vs. 5,000,000 a day a year ago.

**The Stimuli.** The market's lackluster performance was all the more baffling in the light of last week's spate of encouraging economic news. Personal income in March, the Commerce Department reported, rose \$2 billion above the February figure to a record annual rate of \$435 billion. More important, the consumers were spending their fat paychecks; even allowing for the effects of a later Easter this year, department-store sales for the

second week in April were up 6% over 1961, and auto sales were running a whopping 48% above last year. The only important indicator that was off was the volume of new orders for durable goods, which fell 4% from February to March.

Topping off a week that, on the face of it, should have put Wall Street in a rosy glow was mounting evidence that corporate profits had set a first-quarter record in 1962. From corporations across the whole spectrum of industry came glittering reports. Du Pont's first-quarter earnings were a record \$2.23 a share vs. \$1.83 last year; Republic Steel's were 99¢ vs. 75¢; U.S. Rubber's 75¢ vs. 68¢; Standard Oil of California's \$1.12 vs. \$1.01.

**The Dampener.** Why was Wall Street indifferent to all this encouragement? Most market analysts attribute part of the investor apathy to disappointment with the economy's failure to achieve the superbloom levels so freely predicted last fall; analysts also consider the present drop in stock prices a necessary correction of December's "ridiculous" highs. But despite last week's favorable earnings reports—what concerns the worriers most is the long-term state of corporate profits.

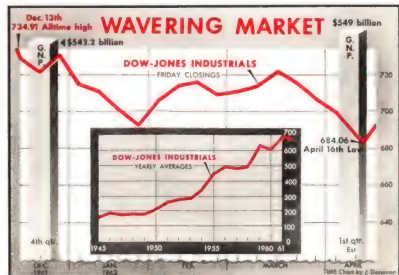
Since 1947, corporate profits after taxes have slipped from 7.84% of the gross-national product to 4.47% last year. The profit squeeze has become particularly acute in the past four years, during which weak consumer demand and Government policy have kept retail prices relatively stable, thus halting the price inflation. But cost inflation, which hits industry through rising labor and overhead costs, has not been stopped. If industry cannot offset higher costs with higher prices, Wall Street sees even slimmer profit margins in the long run. And since stock prices in the end reflect the profit potential of industry, some analysts argue that the market will inevitably have to go down if profit margins continue to narrow.

**Trading Range.** Nevertheless, the consensus among the analysts is that the market will hit one more peak in 1962. But they warn that the market is in a "trading range," i.e., one where as many stocks go down as go up, and that to make money, a selective investor must watch for undervalued shares of companies with strong profit potentials. A minority of Wall Streeters even suggest that the next peak may mark the end of the Great Bull Market—which has persisted for 15 years despite temporary setbacks. Not even the pessimists, however, predict a selling panic; what they gloomily expect is month after tedious month during which stock prices mill around endlessly in the trading range—never crashing into the cellar, but never making new highs.

## PUBLIC POLICY The Government & Profits

Though he is dead set against a general round of price increases as a solution to the profits squeeze (see above), President Kennedy readily concedes that U.S. businessmen must somehow find more capital to spend on modernization if they are to compete successfully in world markets. When the great steel hassle suddenly transformed the profits problem into a front-page issue, the Administration was already committed to a program which it believes would enable business to raise expansion capital without increasing prices. The Kennedy program would give businessmen (1) a credit against the corporate income tax based on how much they spend on modernization, and (2) speedier depreciation write-offs of the cost of industrial equipment.

**The Promise.** Exactly how much the tax credit will amount to is still being hammered out in Congress. The Administration is lobbying in the Senate for a credit equal to 8% of the amount a com-



pany spends on modernization. The House has passed a bill allowing 7% (except for utilities, which would get only 3%). Even at the 7% rate, the Treasury Department figures the tax credit alone would give the iron and steel industry an additional \$60 million to spend this year on new equipment. The benefits to some other major industries by Treasury reckoning:

Oil & Coal—\$90 million  
Chemicals—\$50 million  
Automos—\$35 million  
Railroads—\$25 million

Unlike the tax credit, a speedup in depreciation write-offs does not require congressional approval. By early summer, Treasury tax men expect to finish the monumental job of revising their rulings on the useful life of each of the myriad varieties of machinery used by U.S. industry. The shorter useful-life rulings will allow businessmen to deduct the purchase price of machinery from their income tax in larger chunks—and hence leave them with more after-tax cash to buy still more machinery. Though other industries are unlikely to get the whopping 40% depreciation speedup already accorded the hard-pressed textile industry (TIME, Oct. 20, 1961), the Administration estimates that faster depreciation and the tax credit together will give U.S. business an additional

\$2.5 billion to \$3 billion a year to spend on new plant and equipment.

**The Skeptics.** Businessmen, however, find a lot to criticize in the Kennedy program—especially in the tax credit idea. Chief Economist Beryl Sprinkel of Chicago's Harris Trust concedes that the tax credit marks "a step in the right direction," but argues that "it is discriminatory in who benefits." Sprinkel's main complaint: Companies that spend money on new equipment will get the tax credit, but those who modernize by spending heavily on research will not.

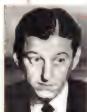
Other critics charge that the credit plan favors the flourishing corporate giants, who need it least. Thus, American Telephone & Telegraph, which announced last week that it would spend an alltime corporate record of \$2.8 billion on new plant this year, would reap a tax credit of roughly \$84 million. Telephonemen point out that they need no such special spur, by the nature of their business must expand to meet growing demand. But a money-losing company that urgently needs an extra boost will not be able to afford the initial modernization outlay that would entitle it to a credit. Many a businessman echoes the reaction of President Howard Conant of the Des Plaines, Ill., Interstate Steel Co., a large steel jobber: "We are in an

industry with overcapacity. So for the time being, whether given the 8% credit or any type of liberalized depreciation, we aren't going to start building."

**Whose Rules?** The depreciation write-offs have come in for less criticism—largely because no one yet knows how liberal they will be. Most businessmen, however, believe that the new useful-life rulings will do little more than compensate for the increased speed at which industrial machinery now grows obsolete. This, they contend, will still not give them the equivalent of the highly generous depreciation allowances that their European competitors get from their governments. To match the Europeans, Harvard Professor Dan Throop Smith, a Treasury tax expert under Eisenhower, suggests that the new depreciation system should allow an extra big write-off in the first year after the purchase of equipment in order to replenish industry's supply of modernization capital as rapidly as possible.

No matter how generous the Kennedy program may ultimately prove to be, it is unlikely to allay the business community's unhappy suspicion that, with the battle over steel prices, the U.S. moved into a new era of Government-industry relations. Most businessmen object in principle to the notion that tax aid or any other Government relief can be an acceptable substitute for increased profits obtained by raising prices, cutting production costs, or finding new markets. The prospect that more Government intervention in pricing may be the wave of the future has aroused enough uneasiness to lead some corporations to defer, at least temporarily, their expansion plans. Fearful of the ire of the Government agencies with which they must constantly negotiate, few businessmen are prepared to admit publicly to any slowdown, but privately one leading industrialist declares: "The rules have been changed while the game is going on, and I'll be damned if I'll invest until I know what the new rules are."

## PERSONAL FILE



WASSERMAN

• Because it simultaneously acts as agent for most of Hollywood's top talent, is the nation's largest producer and distributor of TV films, and holds TV rights to Paramount's pre-1948 film library, MCA Inc. is uneasily known in the film capital as "The Octopus." Though MCA's elusive President **Law Wasserman**, 49, has refused to admit it, show-biz savants have long suspected that the octopus would like to stretch its tentacles into movie production. Last week directors of New York's Decca Records, Inc., approved Wasserman's offer of MCA stock worth an estimated \$50 for every share of Decca stock. The proposed merger, which has yet to be passed on by stockholders—or the Justice Department—seemed to confirm Hollywood's suspicions. Besides making phonograph records, Decca owns 88% of Universal Pictures Co., Inc.



JENNEY

• The ad in the Boston newspapers was eye-catching enough: illustrated by a drawing of Paul Revere and his horse caught in bumper-to-bumper auto traffic, it called for development of a modern rapid transit system to reduce the flow of cars into congested downtown Boston. But what really caught Boston's eye was the name of the man who paid for the ad: dynamic **Robert M. Jenney**, 43, whose 150-year-old Jenney Manufacturing Co. makes its money selling gasoline at 600 service stations throughout New England. Harvardman (41) Jenney concedes that his appeal runs against his company's immediate self-interest, but argues that uncontrolled auto traffic will ultimately strangle Boston "and if the city doesn't do well, all business will suffer."



PUCKEY

• "Management has become an international commodity" says **Sir Walter Puckey**, 63, canny, Cornish-born head of Management Selection Ltd., Britain's oldest and largest executive recruiting agency. Accordingly, in partnership with Manhattan's Hoff, Canny, Bowen & Associates, Inc., Sir Walter has set up a global headhunting agency called Management Selection International. With Puckey as chairman, the organization will find local managers for U.S. firms operating overseas, also hopes to lure back to England British scientists who emigrated to the U.S. for higher pay. Already the new agency has pegged its first hole by finding an Englishman to work for an American firm in Africa.

## AUTOS

### Forward Looking at Chrysler

A year ago, feisty Detroit Lawyer Sol Dann, self-styled "gadfly" of the Chrysler Corp., consumed 70 solid minutes of Chrysler's annual stockholders' meeting with vividly phrased denunciations of the company's management. Last week, at Chrysler's 1962 meeting, Dann held himself down to a scant 45 minutes—which he filled with innumerable punning compliments ("Love begets love") to Chrysler's new management team headed by Chairman George Love, 61. Mused Love wryly: "I wonder what he would have done if my name was Smith."

If Love's name were Smith, stockholders would probably be just as pleased by the solid, dollars-and-cents evidence suggesting that long-ailing Chrysler is finally on the mend. Where it lost a staggering \$21.9 million in the first quarter of 1961, Chrysler last week reported a \$1.3 million profit for the first three months of '62. Though the company's first quarter sales of \$498 million were up

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IN CANADA IT'S TILDEN RENT-A-CAR

# NATIONAL CAR RENTAL

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING CAR RENTAL SYSTEM



15% from a year ago, its shiny new profit stemmed primarily from President Lynn Townsend's hard-eyed cost cutting (TIME, Aug. 4) and was all the more encouraging because it was made at a time when Chrysler's share of the U.S. auto market had dropped to a postwar low of 9%. If it could keep costs at the new, Townsend-sized level and recapture even a part of its "traditional" 17% of the auto market, Chrysler's comeback would be assured.

## AVIATION

### Come In, Come In, Wherever You Are!

In unconcealed desperation Trans World Airlines last week took a radical new approach to an old puzzle. The puzzle: how to get hold of whim-driven California Industrialist Howard Hughes.

Hughes, whose passion for privacy is equaled only by his delight in intricate business deals, has been tangled in legal battle with TWA for ten months. TWA charges that Hughes, who owns 78.2% of its stock, forced it to buy jetliners it did not want through his Hughes Tool Co., and is suing him for \$100 million in damages. Hughes has countered with a \$116 million suit charging that TWA's management is illegally trying to deprive him of control of the airline—but has consistently avoided the personal appearances in court demanded by TWA's lawyers. To force him to appear, TWA last week asked a Delaware court for a rare sequestration order against Hughes's estimated \$250 million worth of Hughes Tool Co. stock. If the order is granted, Hughes will be legally barred from selling voting or drawing dividends on the stock until he shows up in court.

Nothing less is apt to lure Hughes out. Despite press photographers' incessant efforts to trap him, most U.S. newspapers and magazines have no photo of Hughes less than a decade old. Hughes maintains offices in Houston and Hollywood, but seldom visits either. Instead he operates through a telephone-message center which

is manned 24 hours a day. Anyone who wants to see Hughes must call Oldfield 4-2500 in Hollywood and state his business. If Hughes deigns to answer—which he almost never does—he is more likely than not to set an appointment for 2 a.m. on a remote street corner.

Even in routine business dealings, Hughes is elusive. In the eight years during which he owned Hollywood's R.K.O. studios, he never visited them. (He did fly over one day, noticed that R.K.O. looked a bit shabby from the air, and telephoned an order that it be painted.) Not even Hughes's closest business associates escape the shadow treatment. Two of TWA's five presidents during the 17 years that Hughes actively controlled the airline never met him. What finally drove TWA to last week's request for the court order was an admission from Hughes's personal attorney that he had not seen his boss in several months, had no idea what-  
ever where he is.

## BUSINESS ABROAD

### The New Mideast Money Man

In Beirut one morning a fortnight ago, curiosity seekers poured into the Phoenicia Hotel for opening-day glimpses of an unconventional attraction: a large, strikingly modern room resplendent with teakwood ceiling, Abyssinian peacock-wood paneling and a floor of peacock-blue carpeting. Marveling the visitors nattered hands over a milky terrazzo counter embedded with tiny pieces of brass to simulate marine life on an ocean bottom. Some of the visitors even opened an account. For though it looked for all the world like a cocktail lounge, the room was the newest branch of Lebanon's Intra Bank. "Nobody's wandered in and asked for a drink yet," said jubilant Intra Bank Founder Yusuf Bedas, 30, adding, "Conservative banks belong to the past."

Yusuf Bedas' own flamboyant history supports his thesis. Since 1948, when the creation of Israel ended Palestine's role as banker to the Middle East, free-enterprising Lebanon has been inundated by a flood of investment money from oil-rich Saudi princes and from wealthy Egyptians, Syrians and Iraqis frightened by the increasingly socialist policies of their own governments. Riding this tide, brash, resolute Yusuf Bedas in ten years of frenetic expansion has built Intra from scratch into Beirut's largest bank, with capital of \$10,000,000 and 16 branches in Europe and the Arab world.

**Banking on the Floor.** Born the second son of a Russian Orthodox missionary in Jerusalem, Bedas began his banking career at 16 as a messenger boy. By 1938, he had shouldered his way up to head the Arab Bank of the Middle East, only to lose all his capital when he fled Israel as a refugee. Rounding up \$4,000, he opened a currency exchange office in two dingy fourth-floor rooms in Beirut. With typical flourish, he named the operation "International Traders." Says he: "We had to have a name out of all proportion to our size to impress people."

Armed principally with effrontery, Be-



BEDAS (LEFT) IN NEW BANK  
So far no one has ordered a drink.

das canvassed clients at Beirut hotels, pared his profit margins in order to offer irresistible rates. To build capital, he contracted for any kind of business he could get, once rented his office furniture to the Red Cross and temporarily ran the currency exchange squatting on the bare floor. The Korean war and the consequent boom in currency transactions boosted Bedas' income, and his aggressiveness so impressed wealthy clients that more and more of them left funds in his care.

**Potash & Planes.** In 1951, Bedas set up Intra (cable code for International Traders) with initial capital of \$2,000,000. He lured business from competing Beirut banks by cutting loan rates from 6% to 5%. To gain stature for his upstart bank, he convinced Bank of America that it should come into his trades-financing operations, became correspondent for New York's venerable Chase Manhattan Bank, and opened branches in Syria, Iraq, Qatar and Jordan. In 1958, when near civil war halted Lebanese banking for more than three months and most of his competitors sat brooding over their ill fortune, Bedas took advantage of the lull to set up a branch in London and an affiliate bank in Geneva.

Today Intra's investments range from potash extraction in the Dead Sea to Middle East Airlines (51% control), and Bedas is planning still more branches and affiliates in France, Italy, Brazil and Africa. Conservative Western financiers, unaccustomed to the rough and tumble of Levantine business, are sometimes inclined to look askance at this headlong expansion and at the fact that Bedas, despite the growing complexity of Intra's operations, continues to run it as a one-man show. But last week, as he hopped from Rome to Paris to London inspecting his empire, cocky Yusuf Bedas pooh-poohed any suggestion of overextension. "Give me another twelve years," boomed he, "and Intra may double in size again."



HOWARD HUGHES (1952)  
Once in a while he flies over the office.



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## CORPORATIONS

### RCA Takes on Ford

When it bought up Philadelphia's faltering Philco Corp. 4½ months ago, the Ford Motor Co. intended merely to acquire a ready-made position in the electronics and aerospace industries. Last week Ford was discovering that by taking over Philco it had also bought its way into a savage feud with another U.S. industrial giant—Radio Corp. of America.

**Bad Blood.** The bad blood between RCA and Philco dates back to a 1957 antitrust action in which Philco charged that it was unfairly handicapped in its manufacture of radio and TV sets by RCA's industry-blanketing control of some 12,000 patents, and demanded \$150 million in treble damage payments. RCA angrily countered with charges of patent infringement against Philco. A consent decree negotiated by the Justice Department in 1958 put the RCA patents in a royalty-free pool, but the legal battle between Philco and RCA raged on through a maze of hearings and counterclaims.

Early this month RCA launched a new, double-pronged attack seemingly designed to convince Ford that this inherited squabble would be excessively costly to pursue. Though RCA now holds patents on the only color television tube to meet FCC standards, RCA lawyers charged that since 1953 Philco has been conspiring to set up a patent pool that would establish a monopoly position for Philco's own color television equipment. In the process, asserted RCA, Philco plotted to withhold color television from the public until the last dollar was squeezed from black and white sales and sought to undercut public acceptance of RCA's color equipment by pressuring other manufacturers not to use the RCA process. Asking for treble damages of \$174 million, RCA pointedly noted that Ford assumed "all liabilities and obligations" of Philco when it bought the company.

**Dark Threat.** Last week came the second prong of RCA's offensive—an attempt to involve Ford in FCC hearings on license renewal for WRCV, RCA's Philadelphia TV station. Philco, which owned the station until 1953 and wants to get it back, has long tried to convince FCC that because RCA has been involved in a number of antitrust actions, it is not qualified to hold "a grant which must be exercised in the public interest." In rebuttal, RCA last week filed a counterreport reminding FCC that if Philco got the station it would be tantamount to giving it to Ford, and "within the past three years alone, Ford has been charged in at least twelve federal courts with serious . . . violations of the antitrust laws" as an automaker. What's more, added RCA darkly, if Philco proposed to examine "ancient history," RCA would do likewise—a clear hint that RCA was ready to rake up memories of some of old Henry Ford's high-handed tactics in the 1930s.

It could lead to one of the most unseemly, bare-knuckle fights in U.S. corporate history.

## MILESTONES

**Died.** Arsenio H. Lacson, 49, maverick mayor of Manila (pop. 1,200,000) since 1951, a fiery reformer who became during three popularly elected terms what Philippine President Macapagal recently called a "national sentinel of public morality"; of a stroke; in Manila. Peppery Mayor Lacson—a former boxer, guerrilla fighter, lawyer, political-science professor, Congressman and newspaper columnist—cleaned up his tattered metropolis and became an acerbic presidential critic who crushed his Nacionalista Party mate, ex-President Carlos Garcia, and then started sniping at Liberal President Macapagal, whom he helped to power.

**Died.** William Thomas Waggoner Jr., 57, speed-happy heir to a \$300 million Southwestern cattle-and-oil empire, who spent more than \$1,000,000 building his unlimited (2,000-plus h.p.) hydroplanes *Maverick* and *Shanty*, which, despite endless mishaps, blazed their way to top U.S. speedboat records; in Phoenix, Ariz.

**Died.** Louise Fazenda Wallis, 66, gawky Hoosier screen comedienne of the silent days—and wife of Veteran Producer Hal Wallis—who starred in Keystone comedies as the farmer's tomboy daughter (her pig-tails were insured for \$10,000 by Mack Sennett), later mugged her hilarious way through some 300 Hollywood films in roles from Indian squaw to lady blacksmith without ever losing her gift of grimace; of a stroke; in Hollywood.

**Died.** Sir Frederick Handley Page, 76, pioneer builder of bombers, founder and chairman of Britain's first—and its last un-nationalized—aircraft corporation, Handley Page Ltd., who designed multi-engine R.A.F. warplanes from World War I's wood-and-linen type to today's 600-m.p.h. Victor jet bomber, in peacetime invented the slotted wing, which blunderproofs planes against low-speed stalls; in London.

**Died.** Robert Woods Bliss, 86, adroit U.S. career diplomat, former Minister to Sweden (1923-27) and Ambassador to Argentina (1927-33), who with his wife, the former Mildred Barnes (heirless to the Fletcher's Castoria fortune), in 1940 gave their historic Georgetown estate, Dumbarton Oaks, to his alma mater Harvard, which turned it into a center of Byzantine studies and a meeting place for statesmen, notably for talks leading to the birth of the United Nations; of cancer; in Washington, D.C.

**Died.** Thomas Bull, 96, courtly, wing-collared interior decorator, a Norwegian-born tastemaker whose elegant curlicues adorned New York's costliest mansions (among his clients: the Morgans, Vanderbilts, Woodworths) as well as Schrafft's restaurants, who outlived both his patrons and his style, never losing his firm distaste for wall-to-wall carpeting; in Manhattan.

## CINEMA

### Up the Creek with Greg

**Cape Fear** (Universal-International). "You can't put a man in jail for what he might do." The hero (Gregory Peck) nods grimly. As a lawyer, he knows that the chief of police is right. But that doesn't solve his problem: a rapist (Robert Mitchum) he once caught in the act has been released from jail and has returned to North Carolina to take revenge on the lawyer and his family. How to stop him?

The police politely invite the menace to leave town; he politely refuses. They harass him with sudden searches and unreasonable arrests; he gets a lawyer and they have to stop. They also have to stop



MITCHUM & PECK IN "FEAR"  
Some fun but not much fright.

guarding the hero's house when the villain's lawyer threatens to tell the taxpayers how their money is being spent. Next day the hero's watchdog is poisoned. The chief of police advises him to hire a private detective: "It's a terrible thing to say, but there's nothing more we can do."

While the detective tails the villain, the villain tails the hero and his family—and skillfully accelerates the terror. He licks his lips over the hero's wife, and one day the lawyer catches him ogling his twelve-year-old daughter. Appalled, the lawyer tries to buy the brute off. Nothing doing. He tries to scare him off. But the rapist beats up three hired bullies, makes one of them admit who hired him, counterattacks with disarming proceedings. Desperate, Peck flees with his family up a sinister creek that leads into the cypress jungles of North Carolina. Safe at last! But are they? In the moonlight silently the sedges part and down to the dark water slithers a dark form that grins like an alligator—but who ever saw an alligator in an aloha shirt?

According to the trailers, *Fear* is intended to make the moviegoers "FEEL FEAR!" and once in a while it does; but most of the time it makes him feel con-

descending. Its tricks of terror are too obviously tricks, and the unreality is reassuring—even soporific. What's more, at 46, Peck really ought to stop doing the boyish bit. But Mitchum as usual makes a nice shiny reptile, and it's gory good fun to watch Peck cut him up into handbags.

### Rags to Wretchedness

**Five Finger Exercise** (Columbia), adapted from the prizewinning play by Britain's Peter Shaffer, is a perspicuous and painful study of a family that has risen from rags to wretchedness.

As the picture begins, the family arrives for the summer at its seaside estate in California. Father Harrington (Jack Hawkins), an immigrant boy who came up the hard way in the furniture business, is a narrow-eyed, loud-mouthed merchant who slaps his lips together when he eats, picks his teeth elaborately when he's done, thinks TV is the greatest thing since the sofa-bed, and looks uneasy when people talk about Sophocles' *Electra*—he figures maybe it's an airplane or something. Mother Harrington (Rosalind Russell) is a charming monster of self-deception who married father because he looked safe, loathes him for his vulgarity, stays on "for the children's sake," hates herself for wasting her life, takes her hatred out on her husband, and compensates her unhappiness by cultural climbing that doesn't always make the grade—she remembers *Electra* as a play about a king who screamed while he put out his own eyes.

Family life at the Harringtons' is one long parental tug-of-war in which the children serve as the rope. The daughter (Annette Gorman), a sunny child just turning into her teens, seems able to stand the strain. But the son (Richard Beymer), an unstable boy in his first year at Harvard, starts to come apart as mother tries to get him away from father, and father tries to get him away from Harvard and into the furniture business.

The crisis develops as, one by one, the members of this sick little clan discharge their tensions into a fragile lightning rod, a sensitive young tutor (Maximilian Schell), who longs almost pathetically to please his "new family." In return, the man of the house ignores him brutally, the son despises him vocally, the mother starts shamelessly breathing down his neck. In the end, they drive him to attempt suicide, and in his glassy eyes they see the death they have been living.

The film is sometimes talky, sometimes slow, but the acting is always careful, and Daniel (Butterfield 8) Mann's direction is intermittently inspired. *Exercise* is not a profound examination of family life, but it effectively explains that all too often home is where the hurt is.

### Country Corn

**State Fair** (20th Century-Fox) sure is a lucky little old title. In 1932 it was a bestselling novel by Phil Stong, in 1933 a hit movie with Will Rogers, Lew Ayres and Janet Gaynor, in 1945 a second hit

movie with Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain and Dick Haymes. And now *State Fair* has been turned into a (side bets accepted by Producer Charles Brackett and Director José Ferrer) third hit movie—with Pat Boone, Bobby Darin, Tom Ewell, Alice Faye, Pamela Tiffin, Ann-Margret, Wally Cox and an 800-lb. Hampshire hog named George. It may not win any Oscars, but darn if it don't take the blue ribbon for country corn.

Story hasn't changed much. Come time, the Frakes all kerplump in the old man's crate and poot up to Dallas for the Texas State Fair. "The biggest state fair in the hull U.S.A." Mom Frake (Faye) wins the plaque for mincemeat. Pop Frake (Ewell) wins the grand prize for swine. Marge Frake (Tiffin) wins one of those TV fellers (Darin), and Wayne Frake (Boone) wins



GEORGE & TOM IN "FAIR"  
A lot of ham and a bit of hoageler.

one of those fast girls (Ann-Margret) from back East, but she's too fast for Wayne and the tomfool lets her get away.

This time the color is louder and the picture is wider than ever. And to the 1945 score by Rodgers & Hammerstein (*It Might as Well Be Spring, It's a Grand Night for Singing*), Composer Richard Rodgers has added five new songs. Unfortunately only one of them is worth hearing, a bit of hoggerel that Pop sings to George ("Warm and soft affection lies/ In your teeny-weeny eyes").

On the other hand, the script and the playing are lively. George is a mighty photogenic pig, but even George is out-hammed by Comedian Ewell, who is one of the biggest camera hogs in the business. Alice Faye, in the first film role she has played since 1946, looks refreshingly real—she is middle-aged now and she doesn't try to hide it. Boone looks healthy. Darin looks unhealthy. And there is too much sugar in his Tiffin. As for Ann-Margret, she has the energy of a Texas twister. But Comedian Wally Cox, who plays a judge in the preserves division, brings off the best scene in the picture, a side-busting sequence in which the meek little fellow gets roaring drunk on mincemeat.

## BOOKS

### Heap o' Writin'

A SIMPLE, HONORABLE MAN (309 pp.)  
—Conrad Richter—Knopf (\$4.50).

The names in this novel seem to have come from unpretentious rural tombstones, the thin sandstone kind that a man could carry under one arm: Lizzie Yoh, Theodosia Garrison, Phrany Luckenbill, Lutie Markle, Jake Loy, Palmyra Scarlett, Seranus Mast. They live in towns like Jacob's and Unionville in Pennsylvania's Vale of Union, or up in the mining patches at Mahanoy near the Tulpehocken Trail. The prose is as homely as a bag of snitz. Some people get their dutch up, others are as meek as Moses. They eat victuals, marry helpmeets, and get around on shanks 'mare. They don't like high muckety mucks. The little folks in grammar school are called scholars. Everybody fears Gut in Himmel. The old blacksmith says, "Dang your old liver pin."

The props are out of the 1900 Sears, Roebuck catalogue—horsehair chairs, heaters with isinglass panes, Brussels carpets, claw-footed mahogany sideboards, a crokinole board. There's a rock-'n'-rve jug full of booze, rock candy, rusty nails, and rusty hinges.

**Back to Beginnings.** It takes a heap o' writin' to use that sort of material in this day and age on anything more pretentious than a TV show, but 71-year-old Conrad Richter has been making quiet, honest novels out of it for 25 years. *The Town*, part of his trilogy on frontier life in the Ohio territory (*The Trees*, *The Fields*, *The Town*), won a Pulitzer Prize in 1951.

Two years ago, *The Waters of Kronos*, an autobiographical fantasy about an old writer named John Donner who returns to his home town in Pennsylvania, won the National Book Award, defeating such competition as John Updike's *Rabbit, Run*, John Hersey's *The Child Buyer*, and Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*. The present novel is a sequel to *Kronos*. The fantasy is gone. It is a straightforward account of the life of John Donner's father, a country preacher.

**Little Corn.** Presumably this is Richter's own clergyman father. Religion can be a heavy garment for the young. If the preacher's son can be taken for Richter himself, he found the religious atmosphere oppressive—"his ear assailed by the peculiarly dry and sterile vulgate of the church, his young life faced by the stern presence of rituals and sacraments, of vows and austerities, of obligations and constraints, all under the overhanging shadow of the cross." But the acerbic tone shows only occasionally; in the end, after following the parson on his rounds from a parishioner to another in a splendid gallery of sketches spanning several decades, the novel comes down to the simplest of statements of simple



CONRAD RICHTER

The clear, refreshing smell of hay.

faith. "I think my belief in God personally supports me," says Father-Precursor Donner, putting his lifetime into a sentence, "and that His presence and angels go with me, gives me grace to do what I'm called on to do, and peace of mind while I'm doing it."

The book bears a sweet, refreshing smell of hay, and—considering the risk involved—surprisingly little corn. The hero, at least, has a golden heart, not a golden arm. The book is a faithful portrait of a man in awe of heaven who finally goes there, leaving an estate worth \$1.38.



D. H. LAWRENCE

The sharp, hot nick of blood.

### At the Drop of a Stamp

THE COLLECTED LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE (1,307 pp.)—Edited by Harry T. Moore—Viking (\$17.50).

"Curse the blasted, jelly-boned swines, the slimy, the belly-wriggling invertebrates, the miserable sodding rotters, the flaming sods, the snivelling, dribbling, dithering palsied pulse-less lot that make up England today. They've got white of egg in their veins."

Thus D. H. Lawrence in a letter to a friend, writing on the subject of his homeland. But Lawrence distributed his displeasure even-handedly; he had equally sharp words for the U.S.:

"It's so tough and wearing, with the iron springs poking out through the padding. . . . Americans are not younger than we, but older: a second childhood. But being so old, in senile decay and second childishness, perhaps they are nearer to the end, and the new beginning."

This 1,300-page-thick collection of Lawrence letters, ably edited by Southern Illinois University's Professor Harry T. Moore, comprises a remarkably complete autobiography of the contentious, witty, prickly and tender novelist, who corresponded voluminously because he was so often away from home—driven first by a consuming desire for utopia, then by a consumptive habit that forced him to seek out hot, dry climates.

Like a man who had no time to wait for his own considered opinion, he set down his reactions to things literary, political, social and philosophical at the drop of a stamp. He had great friendships and great enmities, usually with the same people, and wrote them all down at white heat. He was often wrongheaded, but even his most outrageous opinions generally nick a vein.

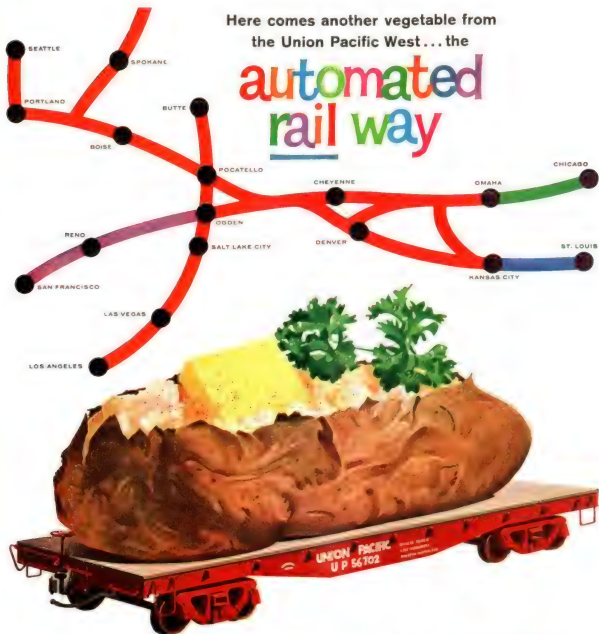
► On society: "I feel quite anti-social, against this social whole as it exists. I wish one could be a pirate or highwayman in these days. But my way of shooting them with noiseless bullets that explode in their souls, these social people of today, is more satisfying. . . . I disbelieve utterly in the public, in humanity, in the mass."

► On writing: "I can't bear art that you can walk round and admire. A book should be either a bandit or a rebel or a man in a crowd. People should either run for their lives, or come under the colours or say *how do you do?*"

► On modern painting: "Very clever work, quite lovely new colour and design, and inside it all nothing—emptiness, ashes, an old bone."

► On Christianity: "I loathe lambs, those symbols of Christian meekness. They are the stupidest, most persistent, greediest little beasts in the whole animal kingdom. Really, I suspect Jesus of having had very little to do with sheep, that he could call himself the Lamb of God. I would truly rather be the little pig of God, the little pigs are infinitely gayer and more delicate in soul."

► On democracy: "I am no democrat, save in politics. I think the state is a



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vulgar institution. But life itself is an affair of aristocrats."

► On life: "The second half of one's life should surely be one's own, after one has more or less given away the first half, for a pound of imitation tea . . . All truth—and real living is the only truth—has in it the elements of battle and repudiation. *Nothing is wholesale* . . . If only one could have two lives: the first, in which to make one's mistakes, which seem as if they had to be made; and the second in which to profit by them."

#### Author Unstoned

CONTEMPORARIES (513 pp.)—Alfred Kazin—Atlantic-Little, Brown (\$7.50).

A SAD HEART AT THE SUPERMARKET (211 pp.)—Randall Jarrell—Atheneum (\$4.50).

Regret is the modish literary emotion this spring; rue is back in fashion; hope's hemline has been let down to fit the century's middle age. So it seems, at any rate, on the evidence of two collections of criticism published this week.

It is the U.S. cult and culture of the consumer that saddens Poet-Professor Jarrell, and in several speeches to academic audiences (the book is a sheaf of speeches and book introductions—the sort of collection that writers publish when they haven't written anything), he makes most of the familiar complaints. The intellectual is homeless; the poet is campus-bound; today's grammar-school education is flaccid; the American is merely a well-trained product buyer who knows, when in Weimar, "how to buy a Weimaraner." Jarrell's lectern jokes are rather good ("People who live in a Golden Age usually go around complaining how yellow everything looks"), but his lamentations over the mass culture seem conventional and perfunctory, the kind of thing one serves up so that undergraduates can practice their wry smiles.

But Jarrell writing about writers is another matter; his virtues are exactly those that Alfred Kazin lacks. Jarrell understands that what is serious need not be solemn. The scales of justice are part of his equipment, of course, but they are a lighter model than the vast, slow-swinging mechanism that burdens Kazin. After following Jarrell's ardent and scholarly puffs for the short stories of Kipling or the poems of Eleanor Taylor, the reader feels that life will not be supportable without these stories or these poems. Kazin's approval of a writer, however well thought out, inspires the sort of emotion that one feels on hearing that the World Bank is doing an excellent job.

Kazin's solemnity may be the result of his status in what is usually a two-level hierarchy of book reviewer (bottom) and book critic (top). Kazin is in the middle, looking wistfully upward. He charges that book reviewing is wretchedly done in the U.S. and deplores "the professional philistines" of the daily press. He complains of the New York *Times's* Orville Prescott, for instance, that it is no longer possible to tell what book Prescott is reviewing,

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since all his reviews sound as if he had written the books himself. The trouble with Kazin, who writes for the weekly and monthly press, is that although his judgments are consistently shrewd and sound, his pieces read as if the books they discuss had been written by Immanuel Kant.

Readers compliment him on articles, but seldom argue with him. Kazin admits, solemnly regretting the middle-brow docility of his congregation. In the course of letting some of the air out of Drama Critic Kenneth Tynan, Kazin discovers a maxim he himself would do well to follow. The British writer's rule, he reports, is "rouse tempers, goad, lacerate, raise whirlwinds." Kazin does none of these things as he dolefully does out justice.

## The View from Afar

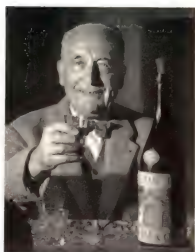
AS IT IS ON EARTH (111 pp.)—Jules Romain—Macmillan (\$4).

In the 27 novels that comprise Jules Romain's *Men of Good Will*, characters wander across the face of history, vaguely searching for their meaning. When the final volume was published, it was clear that for all his effort despite brilliant vignettes and telling insights, Romain had achieved only a grandeur of detail, a vivid anatomical drawing of French society. Now, in a slim volume that might also be a coda-like summary, Romain abandons the study of history close-up and attempts a view from afar.

Posing as "an alien curiosity" from outer space, Romain reports on the earth as it might appear to a canny Martian. Romain's Martian observes everything with an innocent eye. Earth's landscape is scarred by "agglomerations" and "filaments" called cities and roads; its inhabitants "walk about in flexible artificial envelopes called clothing." But soon he is dealing with the more interesting question of earth's society. "Morality," he writes, "seems to be a product—and a precarious one—of civilized life, and corresponds to no profound needs within the individual"; as for religion, its "prayers, rites and ceremonies suffice in the eyes of many, particularly women, to excuse other aspects of behavior."

Man's accomplishments, he finds, suffer from their very perfection; in fact, man's basic fault seems to be his inability to leave well enough alone. Artists "seek novelty by gradually turning away from perfection." Art, music, literature and architecture are diminished by "introducing numerous elements which the concern for perfection had either eliminated or condemned during the course of time." Philosophy, jealous of the progress of science, tries to "acquire something of science's prestige by dissimulating the meaninglessness of its task behind an incomprehensible jargon."

Systematically, Romain's extraterrestrial observer examines each of man's achievements and judges each a sad reminder of its better past. But inescapably, a question arises: How can this Martian be so filled with nostalgia for a world he never knew? It is then that the mask



JULES ROMAIN  
And yet . . . near.

falls away—it is not a book of discovery, but a book of reminiscence. Romain, an old man (now 76), has written an old man's book, and in the end, he offers a warning drawn from the only lesson *Men of Good Will* taught: there is one art man has never perfected, and that is the art of getting along with other men. Unless he masters it, Romain concludes, his very genius will lead him to catastrophe.

## Eddies of Thought

THE MARQUISE WENT OUT AT FIVE (311 pp.)—Claude Mauriac—Braziller (\$4.95).

Quick color in the muddled crowd: a pretty girl in tight blue pants runs at top speed through the Paris square and disappears. Her passage stirs eddies of emotion. For a traffic policeman boredom dissipates briefly; he lusts sharply and happily. A woman sneers contemptuously; obviously the girl is a slut, because quite apparently she is wearing no brassiere. A plainclothes detective on a stake-out forgets his ambush to gawk; an aging homosexual glances at the girl in envy; a bookstore owner obsessed with the past history of this quarter of Paris barely sees the girl as she passes before his eyes. And a novelist named Carnéjoux watching the square from his balcony, is excited: first, because he is as lustful as the detective and the traffic cop, and second, because he knows that the beautiful, bouncing runner will make a fine incident in the avant-garde novel he intends to write about an hour's jumble of thoughts in the Carrefour de Buci.

Carnéjoux is the alter ego of Novelist Claude Mauriac, son of François Mauriac. Young Mauriac is perhaps the most appealing and most readily understandable (if not the most profound) of the French group variously called the Anti-Novelists, the New Realists or merely the New Novelists. These tags are not very illuminating, and none could be satisfactory, because the writings of Mauriac, Michel

# MEMO

From: R. E. Johnson, President  
To: All Rock Island personnel



## Subject: Improved services in 1962 and the future through damage-free shipments

At the beginning of 1962, President R. E. Johnson issued a special directive to all Rock Island railroad personnel relative to the damage-free handling of freight.

Excerpts from that memorandum are reproduced here in the belief shippers will find it of interest, for it demonstrates that the Rock Island is making a conscientious effort to provide ever-improving service.

In citing improved service measures already initiated, Mr. Johnson listed electronically controlled yards, special-device cars, new types of dunnage, improved freight stations, new types of shock-absorbing devices, faster freight train schedules, new piggyback and container devices, and new approaches to competitive rate making.

"Now," he writes, "we should center our attention on an additional, and vital, ingredient: Damage-Free Handling. I'm asking all of you for special effort in 1962 and succeeding years."

Emphasizing that safe handling is a cooperative effort, Mr. Johnson listed the following:

**Local switching crews** save freight from injury by using the "soft touch" in picking up, setting out, and spotting cars.

**Road crews** help by their effort to prevent excessive slack action and care in picking up and setting out cars.

**Yard clerks** help by calling attention to unusually fragile or valuable loads and other types of shipments needing special care.

**Car inspectors** help by making sure that empties are fit for their loads and open top loads are securely anchored.

**Maintenance-of-way forces** help by their care in correcting faulty switches, serious track defects and other conditions that might lead to derailment and damage.

**Yardmasters** help by preventing the switching of excessively long cuts of cars or any other practice that causes undue slack action, hard impact and freight damage.

**Freight house personnel** help by their care in trucking, stowing and bracing freight.

**Freight clerks** help by their care in routing shipments accurately to prevent unnecessary hauling, interchanging and switching.

**Freight agents** and representatives help by helping shippers improve their loading methods.

"It's clear," Mr. Johnson concludes, "that this must be a team effort. Every Rock Islander's help is needed to insure the best possible service to our customers."



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Butor, Claude Simon, Alain Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute do not much resemble one another; the authors are a movement only in that each rejects the conventional psychological novel.

Mauriac's technique uses only thoughts and dialogue; there is no narrative and no plot. But he is easy on his readers; his interior monologues are phrased mostly in complete sentences, and although he shifts characters from paragraph to paragraph, there is usually some indication of who is doing the thinking.

There is probably a limit to how much can be said with Mauriac's method, but fortunately the author, unlike most avant-gardists, feels no compulsion to be deep. His slight, amusing novel, *The Dinner Party*, merely proved slyly that the bo (Carnejoix again) and most of his guests were intricately and sexually involved with one another. The present book proves even less, and is equally charming. Its effect is that of sitting in the sun at an



CLAUDE MAURIAU  
A man musing in the sun.

outdoor café, slightly muzzy from wine, and imagining idly what is going on in the heads of the passers-by.

The novel's title, as Mauriac explains in the foreword, derives from a remark by poet Paul Valéry, who said he had never written a novel because he could not bear to set down the banal first words. "The Marquise went out at five." The book is to be taken as an answer to Valéry's implied charge that plain statement of fact is dull. "A pure exercise in virtuosity, you might say at first glance," says Mauriac. "Yet never gratuitous. But how to exhaust the gifts of reality?"

Mauriac, who explains that he prefers literal exactitude to literature because he has "purified [his writing] of the last traces of fiction," certainly displays more than virtuosity. But how far can any author go with just a random thought-recorder? For no man needs to be told that the gifts of reality are confusing. He looks to novelists to give these gifts shape and meaning—and that Mauriac refuses to do.

## TIME LISTINGS

### CINEMA

**Moon Pilot.** Walt Disney has produced the first farce about the space race: a comedy of errors about a moonstruck astronaut who wrecks the U.S. missile program.

**The Horizontal Lieutenant.** Jim Hutton and Paula Prentiss add up to 12 ft. 1/4 in. of fun in a tall story about 4,000 chuckle-headed U.S. servicemen locked in unequal struggle with a superior enemy: one sneaky Japanese soldier.

**Bell Antonio.** A thoughtful but not profound discussion of impotence by Italy's Mauro Bolognini.

**All Fall Down.** Angela Lansbury is worth seeing in a picture worth fleeing—she plays a small-town hen who broods tenderly over her chicks (Warren Beatty, Brandon deWilde) till they can hardly breathe, chuckles wistfully at them till they can scarcely hear themselves think, then henpecks them half to death for their own good.

**Only Two Can Play.** Peter Sellers plays a wan little Welsh librarian who decides he would rather peruse a blonde than a book.

**Viridiana.** Made in Spain on Franco's money but banned in Spain by Franco's decree, this peculiar and powerful film by Luis Buñuel predicts in parable the next Spanish revolution and contains an orphic orgy of Goyesque genius.

**Sweet Bird of Youth.** Tennessee Williams' *Bird* was an artistic turkey on Broadway, but as directed by Richard Brooks, it makes a noisy and sometimes brilliant peacock of a picture.

**Through a Glass Darkly.** Perhaps the best, certainly the ripest film ever made by Sweden's Ingmar Bergman.

**Last Year at Marienbad.** A Gordian knot of cinema tied by two ingenious Frenchmen. Scenarist Alain Robbe-Grillet and Director Alain Renais (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*), which seems to make every pint-pot intellectual feel like an Alexander.

**The Night.** The fashionable ailment of anxiety is skillfully anatomized by Italy's Michelangelo (*L'Avventura*) Antonioni.

**Lover Come Back.** Annadvertisers on advertising, wittily written by Stanley Shapiro and blandly recited by Doris Day and Rock Hudson.

### TELEVISION

Wed., April 25

**Howard K. Smith: News and Comment** (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Summary of the week's most important news items, with analysis.

**David Brinkley's Journal** (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). The newly opened Seattle World's Fair. Color.

Thurs., April 26

**CBS Reports** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Birth control is tonight's topic, with Margaret Sanger as special guest.

Fri., April 27

**Bell Telephone Hour** (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Rhonda Fleming, Mischa Elman, thereafter.

\* All times E.S.T. through April 28; E.D.T. thereafter.

Anno Maffio, Nicolai Gedda, Earl Wrightson and Benny Goodman and his orchestra sing and make music. Color.

Sat., April 28

**Saturday Night at the Movies** (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall, William Powell, David Wayne and Rory Calhoun in *How to Succeed in a Millionaire* (1953). Color.

Sun., April 29

**Accent** (CBS, 1-1:30 p.m.). French Film Director Jean Renoir, son of Pierre Auguste Renoir, discusses the life and works of his father.

**Directions '62** (ABC, 3-3:30 p.m.). A report on two U.S. doctors who went to Liberia to inoculate natives against smallpox and yellow fever with new jet-spray inoculator known as the "Peace Gun."

**Adlai Stevenson Reports** (ABC, 3:30-4 p.m.). Guest is William C. Foster, director of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

**The Twentieth Century** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Magazine Writer Dwight Macdonald, Critic Maxwell Geismar and Producer John Houseman discuss the art and literature of the '30s.

**Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part I of *Treasure Island*.

**60 Hours to the Moon** (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Astronaut John Glenn will talk to the nation about its future in space, all the way to the moon.

Mon., April 30

**Golden Showcase** (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). That TV evergreen, *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, pops up again with Edward G. Robinson, Tim O'Connor and David Wayne.

Tues., May 1

**The Garry Moore Show** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Julie Andrews and Carol Burnett are teamed up once again for their special brand of comedy.

### THEATER

#### On Broadway

**A Thousand Clowns**, by Herb Gardner. The freshest, funniest comedy of the season. As the chief nonconformist in a superb cast of oddballs, Jason Robards Jr. here emerges as the new clown prince of Broadway.

**The Night of the Iguana**, by Tennessee Williams. Four desperate people at rope's end find the strength to live beyond despair and accept their tortuous lot. Winner of the New York Drama Critics Circle Award as best play of the year.

**Ross**, by Terence Rattigan. An absorbing intellectual puzzle fashioned around the tantalizingly oblique personality of T.E. Lawrence. John Mills captures the moment, if not the triumph, of the hero.

**A Man for All Seasons**, by Robert Bolt. This lofty, probing, and eloquent examination of the conflict between individual conscience and public duty is irradiated by Paul Scofield's memorable playing of Sir Thomas More. Voted best foreign play of the year by the New York Drama Critics Circle.

**Gideon**, by Paddy Chayefsky. makes the relationship between God and man

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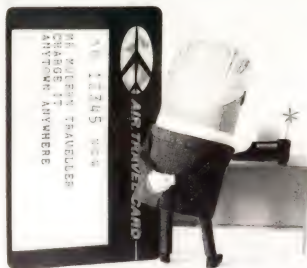
Thus taken, you add to the sociability of a friendly glass shared with others, the pure enjoyment of the drink itself.

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more humorous than awesome, but Fredric March as God and Douglas Campbell as Gideon strike sparks of sublimity.

**A Shot in the Dark**, adapted from a Paris hit, is a sex-cum-murder mystery in which Julie Harris raises laughs and eyebrows.

**How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying** follows Robert Morse's beguilingly self-appreciative rush to the corporate summit. This accoladen musical was voted best of the year by the New York Drama Critics Circle.

## Off Broadway

**Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad**, by Arthur Kopit. A surrealistic foray into the no man's land of Momism. Barbara Harris is the sexiest sprout since Lolita.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**Ship of Fools**, by Katherine Anne Porter. A German passenger-ship bound from Vera Cruz to Bremerhaven in 1931 becomes a moving and despairing allegory of the human condition.

**George**, by Emyln Williams. In this autobiography of his first 21 years, the celebrated actor-playwright writes well and warmly of his poverty-stricken Welsh beginnings and his near disasters as a scholarship boy at Oxford.

**Scott Fitzgerald**, by Andrew Turnbull. A sensitive biography of the writer who epitomized the jazz age and its Lost Generation, poured himself down the drain with the dregs of martinis, and is now riding a wave of posthumous popularity.

**A Long and Happy Life**, by Reynolds Price. The story of a Carolina country girl's love for a young man who often seems to love motorcycles more makes a wise and tender first novel.

**Pigeon Feathers and Other Stories**, by John Updike. Literary exercises by America's most prestigious young writer, author of *Poorhouse Fair* and *Rabbit, Run*.

**The Rothschilds**, by Frederic Morton. A dynastic biography of the family that knew so well how to succeed in business that they rose from the ghetto to an eminence from which they could tell Queen Victoria to get off their flower beds.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Bull from the Sea**, Renault (4)
3. **The Fox in the Attic**, Hughes (3)
4. **Devil Water**, Seton (5)
5. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (2)
6. **Ship of Fools**, Porter
7. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (6)
8. **Chairman of the Board**, Streeter (7)
9. **Captain Newman, M.D.**, Rosten (9)
10. **Daughter of Silence**, West

#### NONFICTION

1. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (1)
2. **Calories Don't Count**, Teller (2)
3. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (4)
4. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman (3)
5. **Six Crises**, Nixon (10)
6. **The Making of the President 1960**, White (5)
7. **Scott Fitzgerald**, Turnbull (8)
8. **CIA: The Inside Story**, Tully (7)
9. **In the Clearing**, Frost
10. **The Last Plantagenets**, Costain (6)



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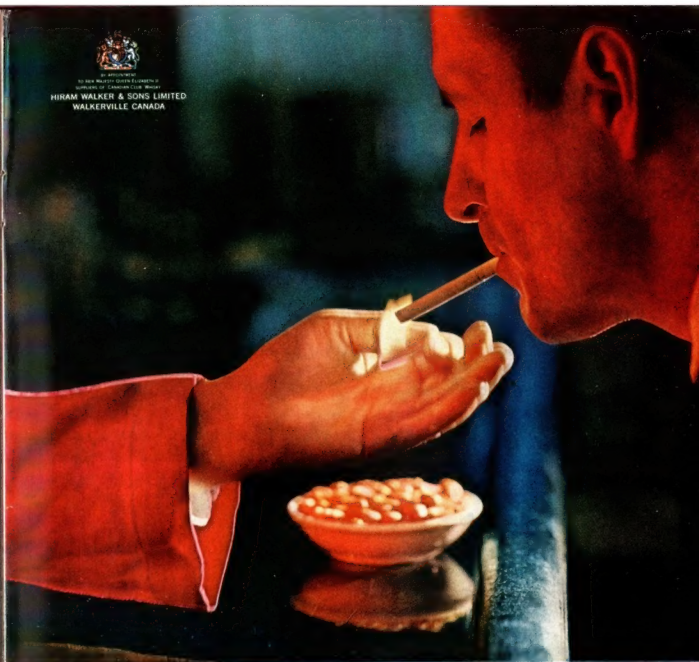
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★ Wonders if you're a man who'll order a cocktail or a highball.  
Studies your firm chin-line. Pegs you as a man of action.

★ Decides you will call for the imported whisky that's the lightest in the world.  
Looks at your suit. From the cut of your lapel, figures you for a broker.

★ Tells himself you're the type that stays with your favorite brand all evening long.  
Gets set to discuss a burning but not inflammatory issue.

★ Surmises you'll ask for the whisky famous for having the world's most distinctive flavor.  
Watches your eyes examine bottles on back bar. Sees eyes light up.

★ Hears your voice ring out as you firmly order "The Best In The House."  
Already pouring from the only bottle that fits description, Canadian Club.

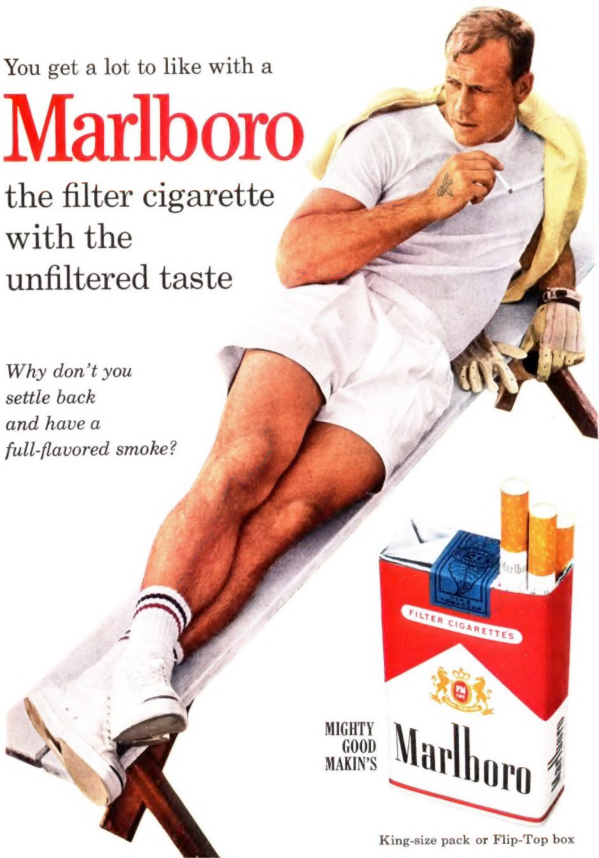
CANADIAN CLUB IS 6 YEARS OLD, 66.8 PROOF, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA, IMPORTED BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICH.

You get a lot to like with a

# Marlboro

the filter cigarette  
with the  
unfiltered taste

*Why don't you  
settle back  
and have a  
full-flavored smoke?*



MIGHTY  
GOOD  
MAKIN'S



King-size pack or Flip-Top box